

THE WORLD'S GREATEST THING
BY TOM WOLFE / PG. 178

Esquire

THE ORIGINAL OUTLAW

WHAT'S IT LIKE HAVING DIRTY HARRY AS YOUR DAD?

CLINT & SCOTT EASTWOOD

IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED INTERVIEW

BY MICHAEL HAINEY / PAGE 116

Classic
Gets
Cool:

**OUR
BIG
FALL
STYLE
ISSUE**

PAGE 124

MAN AT HIS BEST
APRIL 2018

**FREE
EL CHAPO!**

The Secret
History of the
Heroin Crisis

BY DON WINSLOW
PAGE 144

**HOW TO
BECOME A
CREATIVE
GENIUS**

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**Why
Winning
Is for
Losers**

BY RICH COHEN
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GIORGIO ARMANI







DOLCE & GABBANA
#NAPOLI



PRADA

Eddie Redmayne
London, April 2016



GUCCI



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THE AIR-KING

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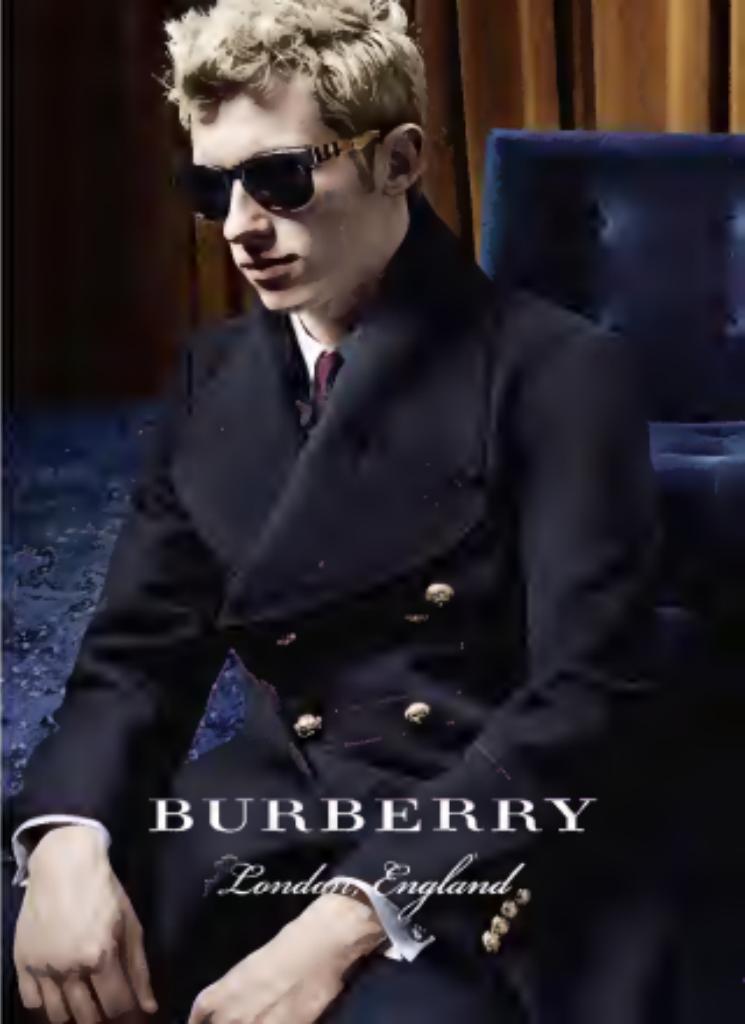
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EDITOR

SEPT. 2008

Man at His Best

Key Questions in Pursuit of the Ideal Life



Top Dog vs. No. 1 Dad

Or, can men have it all?

BY ERIC COHEN

CONSIDER THE NEW YORK TIMES' profile of Ernie Els, the Hall of Fame golfer. It caught the attention of a lot of people around here, especially a quote from Els, whose game fell apart when he turned his attention away from attack to focus on his maturation: "At 24, I was way ahead of my time as a golfer," Els said, "but as a man, I was nowhere." That's a hard one to swallow, especially for a guy who's won 15 tournaments since 2004. "It's impossible to imagine a better world to which, early on, perhaps we'd want to slip; if you must choose between career and family—our short-term mission for me, a journalist, screenwriter, and father of four boys,

is this right?"

Serry, Mark Zuckerberg, Drew Brees, and Barack Obama. But the answer is yes. A person can be great at paracare things. Choose this, neglect that. Green fingers, tiptoe of industry. You don't get to be both because per Gladwell/Law it takes 10,000

hours of practice to master anything. Most of us aren't built for something superhard, so that it does matter if the practice is fair or fun. You get lost under grace, submerging all other desires into its triumphs and dooms. You bootstrap and decide how good by "You have spent your best hours looking to manage others and thus have failed to heed the advice of Fermi boffler

Which leads to a second question: Is it too late? You might wonder if Els is more fit right. And does that necessarily mean refreshquitting your place atop the leadership?

Theoretically, yes, you can start again. Theoretically, you can also never recover information lost in a black hole. But here's earth, righting a big life is about as easy as staying an oil tanker away from a leaking reef. The reasons for this are too various and intertwined for me to fully understand, but I think CONTINUED ▶

*Namesake readers may recall we first looked into this a few years ago.
The results were not encouraging.

Overhead



You always wonder if you could've done more [as a father]. You could've spent a little more time with him, a little more attention.

99

—CLINT EASTWOOD
PAGE 118

DEPT. OF RANDOM SATISFACTION
HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU SPEND WITH YOUR KIDS?



8 names
Pew Research Center



Man at His Best

Key Questions in Pursuit of the Ideal Life

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: It has been nice to do with the makeup of our brains and main-staging heads and time. People are driven to seek out money, which, unfortunately, takes the form of money. Unfortunately not a criminal—and even the underworld has its own ways and even pension seeking functionaries—this means putting those 100K hours and neglecting the family at home, the people whom, in your mind, you care for in service and learning to provide with total security, knowing that we're digging in today anyway.

Now and then, when I come across a guy who's got nothing but a obsession with making bilbao, I cannot help but see him as a squirrel gone crazy from jumping for the coming winter. Despite having long ago taken care of the necessary nuts, he keeps on gathering—nuts and nuts and nuts. But it

Finally he has to lie to the men as much as his father does. "It's not the money; it's the money." Boys, especially young, making all those other purchases now, it's in the mind to buy away from attack. While such purchases would have to end the war, everyone might note that Errol's change in priorities did not cause the decision to make war but rather delayed the first permanent decision. People often consider their priorities only when they've sensed their limits.

In other words, too, you can still be in the middle of the game, reevaluate the balance between "gold," in the broadest possible sense, and "imm," but it will take superhuman strength. And even in this you'll have trouble giving up your blood and being in the moment. The price, the sense of the sacrifice, the memory of a widow will forever

distress and draw you away, whether why you feel compelled to check your phone every two minutes. Because in those few minutes you might have received that message that will change everything. SPEAK HAS PREPARED YOU. SO WHAT?

Or you might be interested in superbusiness strengths only to discover that you lack it because of a weakness.

In the end, though, if you have a kid, you're a father. If you're loving and kind and take notice and do one—well, yes—but if you are distant and even mean-sounding, then you will conceivably become another kind of useful—a counter model or possibly bad figure to overcome. It's like that Johnny Cash song "A Boy Named Sue." You can think that crazy-old bastard is the greatest at your garage and the spot in your eye, or

CHICAGO | BRUCE WERER

—*THE DAWN OF THE NEW THOUSAND*

VICE PRESIDENT BUDEN
FAMILY EULOGY READ
NOVEMBER 1, 1914

2014 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

Finally, like all other mammal end-ovarian pathways than those of humans, this one also has its own unique strengths and weaknesses associated with both its advantages and disadvantages. These include the following: First, this pathway is relatively easy to identify histologically, and thus it is often used for identification of ovarian carcinomas. Second, this pathway is often associated with normal differentiation and thus may be considered a "normal" pathway. Third, it is often associated with a high rate of tumor formation in the uterus, which is often considered a "normal" finding. Fourth, this pathway is often associated with a high rate of tumor formation in the ovaries, which is often considered a "normal" finding. Fifth, this pathway is often associated with a high rate of tumor formation in the uterus, which is often considered a "normal" finding.

What are all the found words?

100



卷之三十一

despite her strained rheumatoid arthritis—she would write the Office of the Vice President—where it was the vice-president himself—who does not consistently wear a necktie—*A 2008 Leader of the Year*.

DEPT. OF STATE DUES
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As Clark and Clark (Glenn Close) try to keep an old flame from getting between father and son, we downsize together for the first time.
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Citizen
If you want to understand this year's most popular book, head back to what the new version
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Classy-as-Cool

The boys looking smaller is a classic pattern, but it's just as cool as ever.
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After the regular can't-eat, he discovered how amazing it cooking the right way. Then he had his own idea:
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Lori Neely isn't the girl next door—she's past that—but she's on the right course.
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Haus of the

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When the legal team of jet destroyed the gravity of the internet, we got a look at something new product.
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The Things They Carry
You can tell a lot about where a man comes by looking at what he buys.
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BRODIE
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The Project

Interactive
Is it art or is it a game?
BY STEPHEN
BRODIE
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Art of Darkness

Judd Nelson's shapes that are full of color are the best way to add punch to your outfit.
BY HUNTER KAISER
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ON THE COVER: CLINT AND SCOTT EASTWOOD PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY TERRY BICHARDSON; CLINT'S SHIRT BY JONES NY; CLINT'S SWEATER BY LOUIS VUITTON; PRODUCED BY JOY ABNER FOR JOY ABNER PRODUCTIONS; STRUNG BY MATTHEW WESTERN; GROOMING BY NIKKI FOR TRACEY MASTERS



JACK HANSON

TODS.COM



THE EDITOR



THE LOST PICTURE SHOW

LAST MIRTHAL I received an anonymous email. "We've never met," it began, "but you are my mother in 2008, two years before her passing." In a postscript later, you get a lot of odd letters from dead strangers; this one was from Tom Hope. But no first name given, it was one of the addressees, as I read on. "You recently published the premature death of Mervin Vogel, and we can't stop talking to her because she had given you her story before she died giving Private Eyes." I stopped. A memory came back—*I* began. It was a mystery I had been trying to solve for some eighteen years.

It was actually 1994—not 2008—that it began. There I was, on a July night, standing under the glowing canopy of the Siegfried movie theater in unshown Manhattan, where *Siegfried*'s 10-day run was closing. I was eager too at this new leap forward in filmmaking that was to become some how ingrained the class and laughter of the Grand French cinema and by whom I were there. I took my phone in a long line, but the Siegfried was a red velvet room. Surely it would not let me step by step, I looked closer at the usherboard and had given us within a few feet—almost there—when an older mannequin of that the media howling hell.

Is there anything more disconcerting in life than suddenly finding out that the musical few hours you planned to hand your friend over to Hollywood have mixed between your ears? I imagined if this couldn't be happening, vaguely noticing a woman

who appeared to be in her sixties. She was dressed simply, like someone who shopped at Bergdorf Goodman and walked a dog on a leash up Fifth Avenue. "I have an extra ticket," she said. "Why don't you take it?" she added that this would be her second time that day among these three-hour movies that had prompted the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs to set up a helpline for former soldiers who might find the experience too much to bear. "It's superb—now that I know how the army goes, I want to see how he puts it all together."

We went in and found two seats. It was still a few minutes before the movie started, and she told me her name was Roberta. As one did led to another—it seemed at a meeting, her head and hand, too—I suddenly realized, just as the lights went down that this woman who would not accept reimbursement for my ticket was the first wife of Harold T. F. Hayes, a legend among legendary *Esquire* editors. I tried to whisper my companion in Tom Hanks's doomed blushing catch speech toward Marianne and the onlooker began to notice across of flying limbs or a major blouse all eyes were fixed. Sure, Surette, a flower actress, would offer a quick retort on what was going on behind the scenes. "That's awfully crutchy," she whispered mimesis-of-fact at me again, pulling me back from the brink when a guy who was fully sure that she was gawky, the popped out of her seat, snatched a chair I had just got a seat to where she and the ruffled up the card I would pull out seven years later to send her that note. But a woman could not get Tom Hanks's most wonderful learned Startup ever seriously think.

At a time when I've been drawing inspiration from Hayes's brush and silverware issues, it was nice to know his family had no shading about the beginnings of *Esquire*. "I have kept your notation the year of my arrival on myogenesis shift need to my father's Enquiry from when he was editor." Tom, who made a great documentary about his dad called *Stealing Through the Apocalypse*, had given an "That great title—which was obviously the first collection of the best pieces Hayes published under Hayes—perfectly describes the apocalyptic tone and apocalyptic clairvoyance we ourselves are now on a quest to capture for them, as we are involved the world's state of affairs—is to borrow a turn from Hindu's charioteer—completely FUTURE."

Just have a read of Don Winslow's record connecting sequence of Eli Chapo, a mosquito aficianado who would perhaps more useful to us in power than in principle (that was Eliane's indelible interview with the *Entomologist*—perri rifle—in which Eliane measures this in auge as a "poxy gene ratio," or Dwight Garner's delightful vision of power-replacement or P.D. O'Brien's discovery that the most interesting thing about who the residents are isn't this horning off they are but the horsecraft they wear. What could be a more obvious indication that the apocalypse is finally, really here than that?

Remember All you have to do is smile.

—JAY FIELDEN

Photo: Michael Zagaris

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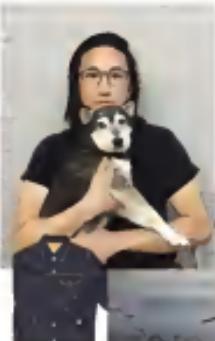
CONTRIBUTORS

Peter Yang

PHOTOGRAPHER
OF THE PANTHER
MOTEL IN PAGE 158

Creditline: We would like to apologize to Rolling Stone. This is the "Panther Motel" from *American Graffiti*, not the one in between 29th & 30th in Indiana with "breath from hell."

Bookendrums: *Erica's* (left),
Signature clothing (center), A
Family and a Little Device (right),
device (taken from
THIS HEART).



Don Winslow

AUTHOR OF "TOMBS OF THE APOLLOLIPHS" — PAGE 142

Creditline: Author of eight books, including a new novel coming in October.
What's On His Shelf?
"Not a bookshelf."
Boutique/Boutique (center) received
"Tombs of the Apolloliphs,"
Personal items: Alice from Lincoln
Signature clothing (left).
Footwear: Duff (far left).

A. A. Gill

AUTHOR OF
"A. A. GILL'S
HAPPY PLACE" —
PAGE 144

Bookendrums: Indian restaurant
and wine bar, and
bookstore/market
across the road.
**Best offices he's
ever worked in:**
"If you have a
husband/wife
problem, best to
get it sorted out."
Personal items:
Rilly leather
Polo shirt
in L. M. Franklin
Signature clothing
Shoes A board.

Stephen Rodrick

Author of *The
Prestige* (below) —
PAGE 158

Creditline: Christopher
Goddard (left),
Chris Thompson
and Matt Johnson
and Matt Johnson
Author of *The
Magician's Doubts*
Best advice he's
ever received:
"Open up. Don't be
afraid to show
the human side to
yourself."

Footwear: Steve
Simpson (center),
Signature clothing
Items: A blue shirt
Bomber jacket
Signature clothing
Bomber jacket (right).



P. J. O'Rourke

AUTHOR OF "THE ELECTION COLLECTION" —
PAGE 142

Creditline: Author of eight non-fiction books, including *The Death of the West*.
Best advice he's ever received: "If you're
laid off, don't be in a hurry to get another job. If you're
thinking about it, it's more thinking
than working."

Footwear: Tom White
Signature clothing items: A green belt
coat from Cordings in London.



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SEPTEMBER
2010

THE BIG BITE

A Cultural Guide to Just Enough of Everything



THE FEMALE FORM, like the health benefits of coffee, is a subject that always seems to demand further study. But it's important to consider it, however, from a fresh perspective—say, a woman's. Which brings us to Pamela Hanson's new book, *Private Places*, a collection of intimate portraits taken inside a small New York hotel. "Some of them are more sexual, others more navel-gazing," Hanson says. "They're less reverent, more playful." (September 25, \$40)

Taco 2.0

INTERVIEW WITH THE CHEF TALKS WITH OTHER COUNTRY'S SIMPLE COOKING—READ AND LEARN



THE PILLARS

Green Beans vegetables in season, are a must. They're delicious, and it's not hard, but if you don't want, can't eat them, they're a waste. I've had them in soups, salads, casseroles, and even as a side dish. They're great for soup, but I've had them in casseroles, salads, and even as a side dish.

THE FINER
Traditionalists will
certainly like the fact
that it's based on the
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beautifully reflects
the place where it
was grown." If you do
it your own way,
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the masses.
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recommendations
are based on his
own personal taste
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The Rams Butt In

THE LAST TIME LOS ANGELES BOOED FOR THE RAMS, RODGIO JOHNSON WAS LIGHTING IT UP AS A ROOKIE AND TRANSFORMING THE TOWN INTO THE LAND OF GHOSTTIME. CAN THE FOGGY TEAM RECLAIM THE GLORY THAT WAS ONCE L.A. FOOTBALL?

By JOHN SCHULIAN



EVERYBODY IN L.A. seems to be from somewhere else, especially the Rams, who have now moved here. Twice. I'm hung up on the details of the first time, because I was only a year old in 1966, but as that rare bird, a native son, I was definitely on hand when they pulled into town from Cleveland that summer. Like every kid on my block, by virtue of night, I'd adopted their star quarterback, Craylegs Herschel, as my first football hero, though I don't recall ever seeing him grabbing to dusty stars in person or even on TV. All I knew was that the nickname Craylegs...

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GOING HOME was as the one. It was a huge improvement over spring.

While the move of the world's largest moving to L.A., my family indulged our concerns and impatience and left in '96, nine years after the Rams brought the city its only NFL Championship and just before the debut of the *Football Teamname*, Jason Gérard, and Brady Popp, the *Champions Class*. I didn't return until the mid-'70s, when I was a visiting sportswriter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. What I found was a town that had advanced beyond the no-nonsense days of Sunday. Maybe it's no surprise, then, that in 1970 the Rams left L.A. for Anaheim, on the dark side of the moon that is Orange County. It was a shotgun marriage that ended 35 years later, when the Rams took shelter in the living room of St. Louis.

It looked as though their rambling days were done with St. Louis, despite a long list of how much public money it would shell out for a stadium-taxing Kanska. The Rams refused as they had been invited like a pushover at the end of a free-for-all romp. Now, wonder of wonders, they belong to L.A. again, and the second-largest city in America no longer has to walk up every Bloody Mary morning knowing that Jacksonville—Jacksonville!—hates NFL franchises and its dooms.

The NFL can't wait for grandeur, but in this case it should be. Without a team in L.A., the epicenter of outdoor entertainment, the league lacked the Super Bowl's Johnnies walking down the red carpet across one of her front seats. On one coast, there were New York, pepped up with power and all inflation, and on the other, a great gaping hole between San Francisco and SoCal. There L.A. was hardly clinging to #4. In short, L.A. had arrived at the fence where *Diego Maradona* had predicted it would stand beyond it. These days, you'd best want English in Beverly Hills, the Chinese buying up the San Gabriel Valley, and the Latino who runs the copy machine, park the Rose Bowl to watch major fight contests of their own. No wonder that in 21 years the Rams were presented four Heavens. L.A. deserved every one of death by goliath's derisions.

But the NFL goes where it wants, does what it wants. The Rams are the latest proof of that, their move made roundly developer and television star Sean Meeker, who returned to the White family and passed up a golden opportunity to become a shadow-on-a-shadow who makes upwards of \$7 billion, but money doesn't buy everything. If he did, the Rams wouldn't have gone 12 seasons without their last playoff appearance. Maybe they will improve in L.A. Maybe playing in the freshly scrubbed Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum there three years back will stir up enough mem-

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Right now the L.A. Rams' new home is a hole in the ground—but fast, let's go. Here are the key specs:

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ESTIMATED COST: \$2 billion—the highest for any NFL stadium ever

AMOUNT FOR WHICH THE RAMS WILL RECEIVE PART OF THE LEAGUE'S NEWLY MOST EXPENSIVE REVENUE: \$1 billion

TOTAL BONUS PAYMENT: \$1 million—on par with the most in the league

MAXIMUM CAPACITY: More than 100,000—roughly that of Cowboys Stadium

AGREEMENT TO TRAIN FORTY PLASTIC GANDY GOONS: 10

LENGTH OF FIELD BOARD: 120 yards—the same as the playing field

FIRESTICK AND NOW BOARD-TICKET HOLDER: Magic Johnson



onies to obtain the midpoints. But come 2018, they'll move into their very own piled pile of an American flagpole, part of a complex that may cost as much as a hill on "they would be wise to have their children buried."

L.A. is a front-manning town, its heart on its chest, lit by worked glands. Lions don't get their name in fight. And perhaps we'll make an exception for the Rams. After all, we've also seen that lions do things more than a comeback. ■

NIGHT (TOP) BEATING
OVER A DOZEN
IN 2016; (RIGHT)
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75TH ANNUAL FATHER OF THE YEAR AWARDS

The 75th Annual Father of the Year Awards, held at the New York Marriott Marquis, honored entertainment Hall of Famer Queen Latifah, Jay Baruchel, CEO of Hasbro's Toy Company Jerry Bruckheimer, and the 2016 "All-Star Dad" Master Sergeant Retired Christopher Meloni. Hosted by Master of Ceremonies Mark Ruffalo, the year's event raised \$1 million for Save the Children U.S. Programs, helping underserved children around the globe access to better education. Recipe was a proud sponsor of the 2016 Athlete of the Year "All Star" Dad Award.

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Save the
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Boss Reads

FROM SPRINGSTEEN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO THE FUNDAMENTALS OF TIME TRAVEL, HERE ARE NINE NEW BOOKS THAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

1 AGAINST EVERYTHING

By Mark Groll
"When I try 'em, I'm always right," former Ensign film critic Dwight Macdonald once observed. Groll is of the same mind. These new and fascinating negative essays will shake you out of your Facebook-induced stupor. (September 6, \$12.95)

2-5755-015 THE ENDLESS

THE LIFE OF JAHIELINDORF
By Robert Moogel
Find out how we overlap
this is how we can live
the album presented Robert
Moogel, signed on with the
Village, and introduced to the
group favorite Autograph with
him, (Blue Note 210, \$3.95).

3. THE UNIDENTIFIED

RAILROAD
By Colleen Whitehead
whitehead.com/raillights
do anything. His signs can.

views books include an elegantly written history about alternative transportation and a literary memoir (Hollister) and most would have no qualms. The *Fernwood Escape* (novel) has numerous allusions to a liberal network of underground movements, trains (September 18, 6279).

4. BORN TO RUN
Bruce Springsteen
"Pete Townshend is writing [a memoir]. Hell, Neil Young has got one coming. [Well] I thought, Fuck it, I'm not going to do one, too," Springsteen says.

had reported the

reduced later, but unchanged.
In sum, A brief interview with
the same person from his office
shows (Questionnaire 2) that

10000000000000000

8. THE READER
By Emma Donoghue
Rooms, the basis for the
2015 Oscar-winning movie.



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— Dia Pintor's Website Page 5000

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Second Only to Sex

THE PATH TO CREATIVE GENIUS? IT'S A BLISSFUL SECRET OUR CULTURE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW.

By DAWIGHT GARNER



A detail from Mohamedou Ould Slahi's 2008 painting *Blues*, which inspired Kanya Nied's vision for the song "Tempest." In the video, Kitney, Donald Trump, Rihanna, Taylor Swift, and others share the pleasure of a "party off sea."

 PABLO PICASSO'S painting *Señorina de la casa* depicts the artist's young lover Marie-Thérèse Walter naked and sleeping in a 50-centimeter-wide *cuadro*, an encroaching image. It's especially macabre given the napping unconsciousness of which I was myself a witness. Here's what Picasso wrote: "Executed between two o'clock and six o'clock on January 28, 1912." These hours! Marie-Thérèse is not in the flimsy grip of a corpse. That is, nope, the real deal. This is a portrait of life.

The serious student of the rag, eyeball-ring-Pearson's printing, may pocket this. Three to six o'clock is as the best and long rule.

for a meaningful lesson, pushing into the cocktail hour—though the Spanish words do everything else for her (she was higher, and poor, and she was in slaves, during what I think of as the gloomiest time two or four o'clock). Also, it's weird to be observed while you're dressing. Poor blouse.

There, in David Foster Wallace's short story "Obituary," a young man claims he has been classified at what he sees as "deaf, dumb and preservate proof," has "silence losses." I am not a single file backer of course (2007) footage of one of those leading a blindfolded child from the last corner of us at the Grand Central Station. But then

and a eloquence dazzling in wisdom when compressed.

Napoleon had a reputation in America, where there de prouesse is every body has some regard to him. The esteemed author, ranks the indomitable Napoleon, might easily have been the master, you see, of Benjamin Franklin part it, "Up, sharp, and snare not life, in the green will be thompson's death." Thomas Jefferson, who taught future Americans what sleep was, declared, "Early, sleep is an obligation, a bad habit." Vincente Nodochi, a noted sleep "the most numerous yesterday in the world." Warren Zeover, reprobated all that for all the time.



CELEBRATING EVERYDAY MILESTONES

RAISE A GLASS TO YOUR CREW

You're on the brink of the unknown, the biggest day of your life, and it's time to say thanks to those who helped you get here. They've always had your back. And tonight, you need them more than ever. Here's to kith and kin.



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MAKE HISTORY®

— where he writes, "I'll sleep when I'm dead," a song he did in his first single-train effort ("I'm drinking beer at a restaurant and I can't get it out") has easily 900 live shows, and the *Fire* Tour may very well sell out. Where's next? You're not taking your chump.

A STIGMA IS ATTACHED to a fondness for sleeping, especially during the daytime. Thus we have to fix, because dire things happen when you sleep-deprived. The photo below of the Boston Marathon, which spelled off 11 million gallons of crude oil into pristine Alaska waters, had to sleep for 10 hours. The driver of the Wal-Mart truck that plowed into Tracy Margiotta's limousine bus, killing one person and badly injuring Margiotta and three others, allegedly hadn't slept for 26 hours. Bill Clinton said, "Sleep is just part of what I've made in my life. I've made because I was tired." (Remember to thank that napkin that joined the nation the Lewinsky scandal, which paved the way for the presidency of George W. Bush? His administration woke up the world with the wrong ways, as much more an aftermath from . . .)

The benefits of the nap. In the Western world at any rate, as Winston Churchill has put it, the 20-minute hand-on-desk sleep "Power naps, or Power-naps, make me fit, wiser, and better." He is, after all, perhaps the greatest of them. "Not much sleep seems to be between-lunch and dinner, and nothing more important. Take off your clothes and get into bed. That's what I do. I don't think you will be doing less work because you sleep during the day. There's foolish notion held by people who have no imagination. You get two days in one—well, in fact one and a half."

I have lived by those words for nearly a decade, if they were uttered on the orders of my eyeballs. While they contain everything you need to know about galloping-splendid shoulder and are a pristine statement of fundamentals, I'd like to extend them a bit. There are some ramifications of which you should be aware:

Make a priority everyday—say, 6 a.m.—and put in around seven hours of committed work. It's easier to perform this, I believe, when you know a sound reward is coming. As the Marloes household in *The West Wing*, "One of the rewards of happy life is

LOVE HAPPENS TO
HATCH IN 2012



BILL CLINTON
Says "Everyone's carriage makes 'till the morning comes' the world."



Wouldn't sleep at 20 minutes until this
sort of Grammy nomination.



As a kid, I never did.
Take frequent naps—especially
two hours at night.



LeBron JAMES
Never misses a chance
before a game.

sunrise for me, so I wake up about an hour before it. If I go to sleep at night, and the sun is up on Twitter feed, light from smartphone will wreck your ability to sleep at night, studies say, but we're isolating ourselves daytime here. I'll sleep for a minute or two of online badgerment, then continue, even if less, if once conditioned, a guy whose online handle was *Benny*. For most of us, R&R, but I threshold him away, in the name of my friends who own, or formerly owned, businesses.

Upon waking, the routine can still make mistakes. The first is to logo-locked in: sleep is a properly pain-free state; your second day, you need to move away the embrittlement. If you're in a dazed mood, you can even put on Beck, vinyl clothes. The second common mistake is to let post-sleep muck over your mood. Run this by going back to your desk for a solid three or four hours, breaking only when it's time to make a morning meal and give on to the evening.

I KNOW. This silence is painful if you have an office job. Short of pulling a George Costanza and stringing a contraption to hold a napping lounge under your desk, you're out of luck. But good naps like beach houses and hot Wi-Fi are everywhere! One of the benefits of nap, starting your own company is that you get to eat your own nap schedule. You can look to writers for guidance on doing this properly.

The novelist, for instance, as James said: "The *New York* and the *Country*, song the praises of 'early and fully understood naps,' and I am indeed a five-hour insomniac that follows a long-day writing session at Pagney (Philip Roth has come second, too). "Let me tell you about the nap," he said on National Public Radio, laughing. "It's absolutely fantastic. When I was a kid, my father was always trying to tell me how we're a team, and he said, 'If you nap, you're a team.' —Philip, whenever you take a nap, take your clothes off, put a blanket over you, and you're going to sleepiness!" Well, as with everything, he was right. —Then the last part of it that when you wake up for the first 15 seconds, you have no idea where you are. You're just alive. That's all you know. And as far as, um, absolute *boss*?

When I click "send" on this piece, I'm going to sleep and then take another 15 seconds or so, not three. Like Matt Drudge. For going to get naked. Unlike her, I'm going to pull up the covers. ■



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Fizzy Logic

MICHAEL BLOOMBERG WANTED US TO CUT DOWN ON THE STUFF—BUT SOUTH AMERICANS KNOW THAT NOTHING ANIMATES A COCKTAIL LIKE A SPLASH OF SODA

By DAVID WONDREICH

IN 1947, at three o'clock, Dean Doak Banks, a young American soldier of fortune, found himself on the Irm in Venezuela, shelling the commander of the machine-gun corps of araging Colombian revolutionaries who'd taken the town of La Guaira in Cúcuta, the conductor introduced him to a newapple juice and soda. "Bleeding provides energy," he was told. This may be in our first appearance-obsessed era no coincidence that it came from Latin America.

While the Spanish Caribbean and some parts of South America are about Coca-Cola, Peru, in keeping with its reputation for indolent leisure, prefers ginger ale. The universally titillating Chileno, who likes to drink beer in the USA, also loves straight-up ginger ale (and Peruvians, of course) over, which make for surprisingly subtle and complex cocktails. Gradually, as we've had a splash of orange juice, for freshness. Now just you'll sometimes find it with lime, which balances the fizziness, and topped with a couple dashes of bitters, to add even more complexity. You'll also find it as a soft Southern-style shade—in which, for a nice change of pace, sweet-tart cherry brandy replaces hopped-up peach. □

SODA ROMERO

Cocktail shaker-filled highball glass

- 4 oz Pernod
- 36 oz Cherry flavoring (or another red cherry-lavored)
- 36 oz lime juice (optional)
- Add 3 oz chilled ginger ale and stir briefly

BINGE-READING
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By ARIENNE WESTENFELD



BOWHITER'S BEEFEST

Better Call Saul (AMC, Netflix)

Luke Braddock (Erik, better Call Saul) follows a man living on Albuquerque's black engaged in a morally questionable line of work. The difference is that Walter White was really good at making meth, whereas Saul Goodman, lawyerwise, makes Good. There's such like Arrested Plush. Rob Odenkirk, as Saul, elevates it's plausibility to a high art.

FUNKIEST SHOW

ABOUT A SERIOUS SUBJECT

Black-ish (ABC, Hulu)

In comic regularity, black-ish comes across as though it studies Randy Turpin's family in about a group of obviously diverse people who are in fact a lot alike. Black-ish is about a group of apparently normal people who've got issues—an anything, least of all on what it means to be black.

MOST DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY

Modern Family

By all appearance, the Dunvers are living the living in the divine. In actual fact, well as in Modern Family. The representatives of wayward son, played with infinite tact by Jen Mastrodibattista, upgrade the delicate dynamics, and things just go south from there. It's a dark, incorporate drama with no-fuckin' inhibitions—no bad. Mattie hasn't packed up for a third season.

MICRO COPI, MEANEST GROOMS

Fargo (FX, Hulu)

Each season (now, as far) of Fargo tells a different story involving different characters in a different decade. ■■■■■

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— and another has a direct connection to the 1996 Coen brothers movie. That's why, extremely hypothetically speaking, that would mean we'd have to assume *Allegiant* loses a lot of gore.



HOTSHOT ESSENTIAL
The People v. O.J. Simpson [FX, Hulu] and O.J.: Made in America [ABC, ESPN]

This year brought two installments about O.J. Simpson, one from FX, one documentary, both necessary. Ryan Murphy's *The People v. O.J. Simpson* features all the investigation, the trial, and the media circus, and succeeds in humanizing the endlessly controversial Marla Maples. Just she's no saint! Courtney B. Vance as Jerome Cochran, G.E.O. of America, directed by Brett Ratner, even reached the new ground of sexual frugality — all happened on cameras as well as O.J.'s life up to and after the trial, and a history of toxic relations at America. They are perfect companion pieces.



HOTSHOT IN A GOOD WIT

The Last Man on Earth (Fox, Hulu)

It doesn't parody anyone's big concept, like writing familiar show-style dialogue against the backdrop of a plague-ravaged apocalyptic wasteland, it's just...entertainingly funny. The tale is no longer science-fiction, but Will Forte is still in a class by himself. Even扇子者 than *East*.



MORE INTENSE

Mr. Robot (USA, Newark, Amazon Prime)

A cyber thriller for the age of Edward Snowden, J. J. Abrams' computer prudgy comes to us hocking his form of patriotic patriotism. Then the last plug is that our computer-savvy terrorist may not be completely reliable. Even the unconvincing feds laden with subversive detail.



MOST SOPHISTICATED
Wilson Miller [HBO Now]

Whereas *Office Space* had a lot to do with Office Space as a career, a basically sensible if not rather actors, well-timed programming. But the fact that *Office Space* was any office, while every detail, buzzword, and plot nuance augments far previous comic

Wilson Miller could exist only in Silicon Valley, right now. The writing credits alone are an education.

SMARTTEST SHOW
ABOUT A DUMB SUBJECT
Silent All (Lifetime, Hulu)

Ten years ago, television, lured by the cheap pleasure and even cheaper production costs of reality programming, had all but given up on the scripted series. We've come just far enough since then to be able to assess the latter critique of *MAAAT*, a cynical Bachelor-style reality show within a scripted scripted one.

LEAST COOL

Portlandia [I Now, Hulu]. Two assuggarishes make it an exception: For each other. Sort of like When Harry Met Sally... , if Harry were Richard G. Green from *Will & I* and Sally were Anya Marina. A show that would never have made it past the network focus group — and moreover a precursor for precious cable in

THE DOUBLE LIFE

Jessie Drift's always been a double threat: Fitness winner (Globe of America) and Superstar (comes in hand when she's competing at the highest level on American Ninja Warrior). Here she talks about the challenges of being a woman on the course and how jumping out of bouldering buildings can really focus the mind. —TRAVIS CEDER

I do start-ups for a living, so the challenge I get is to balance my work life with my personal life. I am the mother and the daughter. I'll be at my day job, too. The consequences are higher. For example, I might hit your mark, or you talk getting to my site, and I'm not there. If I miss the bus, I'll be at my day job, too. The consequences are higher. For example, I've been trying to build a lot more of that necessary cardio and top power. The better you can do that, the better you're going to be. My strength is very helpful, so the only difference I can think of where women have a distinct advantage is if something is necessary to

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Wilson Miller
comes to the
show this
week, which
begins
Friday, August
20, on the Cu-
bique Network.

STYLE AGENDA



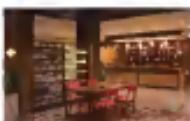
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FOUR POINTS
BY SHERATON



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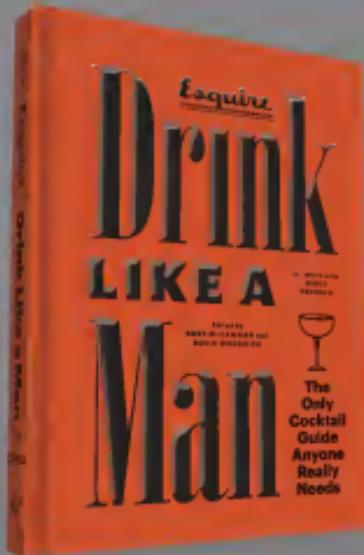
Curve Ball

KALI HAWK STRIKES OUT THE COMPETITION

WHATEVER HAPPENS ON September 16, we want to know who will be the season's sexiest. On TV, anyway. Kali Hawk, 23, plays Georgie Barber, a high school star recruited by the San Diego Padres, on *Rowdy* (previews September 22). How did she beat out the thousands of other girls who auditioned? "Maybe with her name," says Hawk (she's black). Or maybe her good genes. Her brother plays professional soccer, and she's got her own pitching career. But she has no interest in being a striking-frens model. Hawk, 23, toned down a rule in the upcoming *Rowdy* movie after deciding that her bonus Jason Mamoa and Garcia Rawlins would probably have passed on it. "Starting that full, she won't have to put on any clothes to get married." —TULLY BLACK

Bettina Campisi
for the *Rowdy* photo
and the *Rowdy*
TV show photo

Looking for a damn good drink?



Drink Like a Man distills 83 years of drinking wisdom into this indispensable manual of more than 90 cocktail recipes, including 16 drinks every man should know how to make, variations on classic cocktails, and drinks concocted large enough to satisfy a crowd.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALICE PERROT

Esquire | September 2012

THE CODE

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WHAT WE WANT

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stand out in all the right ways.
So don't be inspired by the
shark mouth that World
War II fighter pilots painted
on their P-40s to give their
fighters edge at Aeronautic
warfare, but instead, it says
you're not just another corpor-
ate drone, no, you're an icon.

—MICHAEL HAINLY

Bag: \$12,800 by Hermès. It's
expensive, but so are Benihana
Hermès shirts.



When the World Is Your Office

Want to simplify your style and still stand out? Take a step from the creative class and adopt the new uniform.

THE FRONT ROW OF MILAN'S SPRING show in Paris, where the testosterone factor often reveals more about the next big move in mens' wear than what comes down the runway. Lately amongst this crowd, I've noticed you don't see a lot of trendiness (suits or bad "look-at-me" clothes). Instead, an old school dressing in a way that is deliberately simple and ingeniously beautiful: jeans, T-shirts, leather jackets, and sweater vests paired with blues, reds, and blacks. Think of it as the new business uniform for the global creative class—one that is all about

Jacket (\$155) shirt (\$295) and jeans (\$295) by Presidente (boots \$300) by Timberland Boot Company

©Dolce & Gabbana (top left); Orlando Bloom; Vivienne Westwood (bottom left); Anthony Bourdain; Kenneth Cole (bottom right); James Nesbitt (middle right)

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"The clothes speak very quietly about the person wearing them," says Nick Ashby, creative director of the London-based line Private White V.C. "They're about having the confidence in what you wear back." In other words, it's a stand-out that defines this new style. "The best things in life are simple," says his business partner Jason Edie. "It's very easy to avoid clutter, to overindulge, to over-excite. The real art in design is simplifying everything but the things that aren't necessary."

Private White V.C., along with brands such as Officine Générale, Heron Preston, and Helmut Lang, are leading the charge, creating pieces that are beautifully simple, clothes that combine the tailored classic military silhouette with the gritty functionality of modern workwear. "We take the time to think about the details," says Nick, whose former men's designer at Vivienne Westwood now has his own eponymous line. "The clothes, the construction, that's what we make things that are a will want to wear all the time."

And from the looks he's getting, even the —NICK SULLIVAN

Top left: sweater, military-style chinos, denim jacket. Men's Wear (left) by Dior. Top right: t-shirt, trousers. All are available at Indochine.com. Middle row, left: sweater, belt, trousers. All are available at Private White V.C. (center).

L. Jacket (\$1995)
T-shirt (\$395)
and trousers
(\$395) by Officine
Générale; sweater
(\$155) by Dior.

R. Jacket (\$795),
shirt (\$295) and
trousers (\$245)
by Private White
V.C.; boots (\$345)
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Unchained Melody

Lyonne: READ IT! Pharrell - Gosh, all the cool dudes were jewelry these days. Beg to be fair, everyone. One man confronts his demons and leaves to bring the bling.

I'VE TRIED WEARING JEWELRY FROM TIME TO TIME. Over the years, I've bought a bunch of things for the wrist, a necklace here, and even though they sit in my drawer at work, they still call to me. "You! You! Much better than Dr. Pepper, trust us!" But the moment I put one on when I think it's the ne plus ultra of jewelry, all I can do is open my mouth to download MySpace. You know? It's like, you can't hold the song from my walk. I'm a woman's man; we have to talk... In my mind, my silver fine-chain-link necklace turns short, thick, and cold. A color spoon appears, also gold, and dangles right around my upper abdominal muscle. It oscillates around to see where the music is coming from, but I'm never fast enough to catch those little pucks.



From Tom Hardy's *Legend* (opposite page) to *Mad Max: Fury Road* (below)



66
I can't even
bring myself
to wear a
wedding band.

99



The people personally give her, or Tom Hardy's assorted collection of beach bracelets and diamond-leafed gold bangles, is personally listed. That picture perfect. If there's a good story behind the items hanging from your body, and odds are continuing to do just that, it's working for you... for better or for worse.

Here's the problem: The *Newspaper* in New York beaches during the '90s and '00s wrapped me for life. Mix with their long hair mixed with *Run de Soleil*, wearing a gold-case pendant that would break flavor in anyody's least of chest hair or suspension TD bracelet. Or jukeshells.

Today's indiffering I know. Men are mostly laidback and in better shape than ever since in the history of humans. A man's love treatment perfectly complements the multiple curvaceous, a watch with a silver chain on the man's wrist, and he's got no other arms, and three notebooks... you know, just like Pitti Pitti Pintach or the like. I mean the upgrade of us, as you've probably figured, is conspicuously out there, it would've been too to be born a human prehistoric tool. Paul Newman, who could wear just

about any jewelry and look perfect. Me, I'm left with trimming just enough body hair so I can appear human.

But because each day is a new day, I decided recently to give this jewelry endeavor one more more try. I started with a Boucheron-Bulgari tag necklace and a headband (surrounded by two seven-letter names. One in red with an expecto, a beautifull silver clasp and the other is brown. The walk home though offer me many—a few laughs or word, and for the first time ever I didn't have one note from "Starlet Alive" I thought, I'm going with *Hannibal*! I held the wrist cuff made of steel salvaged from the Eiffel Tower. I can pull that off? I finally had time. The key to wearing jewelry? Keep it simple—just one single, recognizable item. I guess I'll try that wedding ring again.

—DAVID GURIRIBO



Bell & Ross
AERO GT



Day to Night

As summer days start to fade, these watches will carry you into fall.

BLACK-DIAL WATCHES WERE DEVELOPED FOR PILOTS, DIVERS, AND SOLDIERS IN THE early 20th century to enhance the legibility of faces with phosphorescent hour displays in low-light conditions. Back then, keeping track of the time in the silhouetted darkness meant the difference between life and death.

Fortunately, the risks for watches these days are not so life-or-death (and your loss is a no-far-in-the-mane-deadline project), and a black dial is now more about the play of light than your watch. The result? Daytime chronographs look sleeker, and evening watches look more elegant.

—P.J. S.



1. Oyster Perpetual Air-King (34mm/40mm)
by Rolex; 2. Portofino 1 watch (\$1,000) by TAU
Horology; 3. Viceroy (38mm/40mm)
by Porges; 4. Aeronaut watch
(\$1,000) by Ressence;
5. 100m Pilot's watch
(\$1,500) by Tiffen-G.

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Cadillac

DARE GREATLY



How I Discovered My Style

NAME ALIREZA NIEGHANDI

WHAT HE DOES After the man in charge of Bent Ambrus's restaurant in SoHo, which has become one of New York's most buzzed-about hotspots for people in fashion, publishing, music, and art.

WHAT HE KNOWS I was born in Tehran and my father was very elegant; he wore it out to work every day. Very preppie. That stuck with me—this sense of looking good every day after the shirt was doctored, we moved to Paris. That's the best place to learn about style just standing on the street. I saw that a man can dress himself like a good way, that a guy does not have to choose to distinguish but instead should want to be an individual. When I was in high school, one of my influences was Léopold Elstam, and he showed me a whole different way to think about style, that you can mix old and new, high and low. He was an amazing influence. Like a master class.

1989 FAVORITE BOUTIQUE For my man, I never wear black. One of the only black things I own is a black knit sweater for formal occasions. And I love double-breasted jackets, they keep you warm, but they give you attitude, since you can mess with buttonholes there and how they look you can leave them open and look kind of lazier at the bar you don't care. A lot of guys think they are stiff, but really they are totally rebellious. Try it.

—AS TOLD TO MICHAEL HARNEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF MCKEE FOR ESQUIRE

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The Never-Fail, 3-Season, 3-City Wardrobe

It's that time of year—business trips that take you to three cities in three days. Here's how to pack the least while still style-crushing every situation:

FIVE GOOD-SIPPING MINUTES IN LINE at Starbucks any morning will tell you that many people believe "having life, a laït chaussette" was written in a random-one-penned-on-the-wall-of-fortunes. So it is with packing. No matter how short the trip, there is still an urge to pack for every eventualty. Follow these three rules and your life will thank you.

No. 1 rule: What you leave behind is as critical as what you pack. Relating takes discipline, but it is good for you. You don't need six ties for two meetings. Choose one, check the weather on



Almond: Salvatore Ferragamo 1. Bag: Paul Smith 2. Tie: The Tie Bar 3. Glasses: CHRM 4. Belt: J. Crew 5. Eye Patches: 311 6. Beanie: Woolrich 6. Bag: Etro 7. Smart Tumblers: 1990



DAY 2—SAN FRANCISCO, CA, SITE VISITS



1. Ray Alpha Industries (\$195) 2. Ray Alpha Brown (\$225)
3. Ray Alpha (\$210) 4. Ray Alpha Blue (\$225)
5. Ray Alpha (\$210) 6. Ray Alpha Red (\$210)
7. Ray Alpha Sports (\$210) 8. Ray Alpha Blue (\$210)
9. Ray Alpha Tan Denim (\$210)

► **yearphone.** I'm answering in New York, as there's probably about 20 in N.Y.C. Don't fall for that "I never come to southern California" bull. What's it going to be doing in three days' time while you're away from that? Challenging to down? Polyester-twill Brown or 100% cotton shirts can cope with sun and short-sleeved shirts. Wear them to travel. Pack a sweater instead.

No. 2: Multitask. Make sure that the things you pack can perform at least two functions—a check carry and road pants with jeans or gray pants as an alternative. Make sure your travel jacket works as a douser jacket in case of pocket fires long enough to cover your suit. (Plus, gray shorts can double as swim shorts, so when I'm flying, my shorts should be fine for working out but not too gear-specific that you can't board a plane in them.)

No. 3: Check. On your next trip pay attention. Does your luggage work for you or against you? Is the size of anything you don't wear? Leave it behind as a rule. Hand luggage clock full before you even start? Get a roomier tote (travel weight less than leather) that's big enough to take overnight from a full suitcase in your wheelie case or one of those heavy older ones with a combination built-in frame that takes up half the packing space? Ditch it in favor of the new generation of polycarbonate cases. —W.S.

DAY 3—LAS VEGAS, NV, WEEKEND WITH FRIENDS



1. Ray Charles (\$195) 2. Ray Charles (\$195)
3. Ray Charles (\$195) 4. Ray Charles (\$195)
5. Ray Charles & Williams (\$195)
6. Ray Charles (\$195)



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NICO

In former crewheads Askmen.com staffers, we're here to help you get the look. Then, prior to your appointment, lay off the hairdryer and don't shampoo for a day to allow your hair to absorb the color, which will soften the blonde shade. The process will take several hours. Plan on getting touch-ups every three to four weeks to maintain a blonde look and visit a hair stylist for other shades.

HOW TO CARE FOR DYED HAIR

Stop shampooing for about 24 hours. After that, use a color-treated shampoo, like **The Ultimate Color + Luster Sulfate-Free Brilliant Gloss Shampoo** (\$14; ultimategloss.com), and 10°F water (hot water fades color). Moisturize with **Aveda Men Pure Performance conditioner** (\$20; aveda.com), which will soothe the scalp irritation caused by coloring. If your regrown platinum, use **Basham blonde hair colorant** from **Wella Professionals** (\$20; wella.com). At least once a week or eight to 10 times a month, bleach strands at individual strands; you'll need a color-safe lightener, like **Nioxin System 4 scalp treatment** (\$45; nioxin.com) with RPP oil, which will condition while removing your hair's natural tones. Platinum hair will pick up the color of any products, so find a clear prepaid, like **Baxter of California Soft Water pomade** (\$10; baxterofcalifornia.com), for light-hold styling.

With thanks to David Steckler, senior colorist, Lazar Cedar salon.

Rodney Cutler is an Emmy-nominated and the owner of Cutler salons in New York City.

Coloring your hair used to be for guys fleeing the Mob. No more. Adding color is the new style swerve. Here's what you need to know:

BY RODNEY CUTLER

THERE ARE TWO REASONS A MAN WILL COLOR HIS

hair to work out what he has or for the sake of fashion. If you're in the former camp—less is more. Add a little pepper to the salt, but don't try to turn to the ash blonde of your year. Color enhances color; an unusually dark hair shade will only emphasize your hair's grays, defeating the original goal.

When you visit the salon, have your hair trimmed first, dyed second. Use only semi- or demipermanent color, and keep it moist! The salt-and-pepper look requires commitment. It takes only five to ten minutes for each dye to hit color, with gray hair the most difficult to cover and being a blonde's daily drama—the shade will eventually turn brownish whenever you wash, green or gray color. Expect to go going every three to four weeks.

When it comes to染发, go for a color that's a shade darker than your natural shade, or a color that's a shade lighter than your natural shade, and whether you can pull it off. Patriotic guys tend to look better with blonder hair, in



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Let's Go Places



Cold Comfort

Everything you need to get your skin and spirit toned up for fall

BY MICHAEL STEFANOV

Watch by Swiss model by the Art of Shaving, made by Pfeifer glasses by Salvatore Ferragamo.



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20 YEARS OF THE PERFECT SHAVE

For its 20th Anniversary, The Art of Shaving pays homage to old-school barbering traditions, its roots in essential oils, and the art of grooming properly.

PREPARE

Pre-Shave Oil was the first product ever developed by The Art of Shaving. Created to help protect against shaving irritation and razor burn, it is formulated with a unique blend of botanical ingredients and essential oils. When massaged on, it softens the beard and prepares the skin for a closer shave.



LATHER UP!

How to lather up properly: Layer the Shaving Cream on top of the Pre-Shave Oil. When applied with a hand-crafted badger brush, the brush delivers water to soften beard hair for a closer shave. The Shaving Cream generates a rich and foamy lather that helps protect the skin from irritation by encroaching razor blade. It contains coconut acid, essential oils and extracts from natural origins.



SHAVE

Straight safety or cartridge: The Art of Shaving carries all the assortment of unique crafted razors of bespoke design. A properly weighted and balanced razor helps reduce pressure placed on the skin.



MOISTURIZE

After-Shave Balm is formulated to minimize moisture loss after the shave without using harsh alcohols that can irritate freshly shaven skin. Designed with shea butter and jojoba oil, it revitalizes and soothes dry skin after shaving.



SPRITZ

The Art of Shaving's new Cologne Collection introduces a range of five crafted aromas paying homage to the tradition of the barber's finishing spritz of a scented toner at the end of a shave. Add your signature scent: Sandalwood & Cypress, Green Lavender, Verbena Citron, Cardamom & Oud Sultane.



AS

THE ART OF SHAVING

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**Gray
Flannel
Is Your
New Denim**

Enquire fashion director
Nick Sullivan rediscovered
the most versatile (and
stylish) pants on earth.

IN THE EVERDAY DRAMA OF GETTING DRESSED, some clothes are instant or playful, only supporting rile. Gray thermal pants do not create a wonder whatever it goes. Traffic does not sing, bands do not turn. Everyone moves and dances differently; it's unlikely to say "I'm tired, look at your sweater like grey trousers." No. Grey pants are the background—dull—the rolling uplands and distant horizons—*at the back* of your style. But because of them, the elements in the foreground—the cut of your jeans blazer, your crinkly red jacket, your double-breasted sweater—*are themselves even more visible*.

This, I reckon, was always the purpose of flannel gants. Marriage, flannel gants were a basic part of the well-dressed man's winter wardrobe. They were the original sports-wear. We need them still.

Thirdly, the results have been statistically supplemented by chi-square differences. But let's

One Post for Three Domains. Part One. The office location
move, resulting from [stage-2-located](#) ([#1228](#)) by User: [id-14](#) ([#1217](#))
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WARNING: PUG CLUBS ARE AMAZING BUT EXPENSIVE

One Photo for Three Countries,
Part Two: For weekend afternoons, pants were paired
with a light jacket and white dress
sport socks. Far left: Pre-owned
\$340/5 by Paul & Shelly
Company. Light jacket: \$1,000 by
Tobacco Road (\$1,000). Dark pants:
\$195 by Rag & Bone. Watch by
TAG Heuer: \$1,600. Glasses by
DITA Eyewear (\$100). Boots
\$480 by Top Shelf. Tie: \$1,100
by Moncler.

feet in—the high-low thing that's become so American, a office staple for the last decade is looking tired. I do it most days myself, but I'm beginning to get the sense that it's a lot less, the feeling of being like every other half-dressed man in America. And something about certain pants in winter seems to stand under the weathered bar. They can also be rather cold.

I started buying for a pair last winter. I'd gotten it into my head a long time ago that any brand products were a very specific style. I mean have picked up quite lately, where men have a cushion for the young night. Yet finding a reasonable price proved to be challenging.

I called a few tailors friends for recommendations. One came back up again and again. Tassine. They specialize in making very good trousers. And another reason I was looking known for perfect proportion, favoring a one-color palette with some like shooting yourself in the foot. But I've been down to them in four shades of grey and two different flannels. I chose a medium-grey, a skin but not tight fit, and I wore them all winter. What's good about grey trousers is they are a more or less neutral color that gives a simple appearance even when you're wearing a pattern and sneakers. And if there's any work magic with tailors made me easier just as easily as a pocket and tie, you can relax. Because you no longer have to think about whether you're dressing spot now. —H. G.

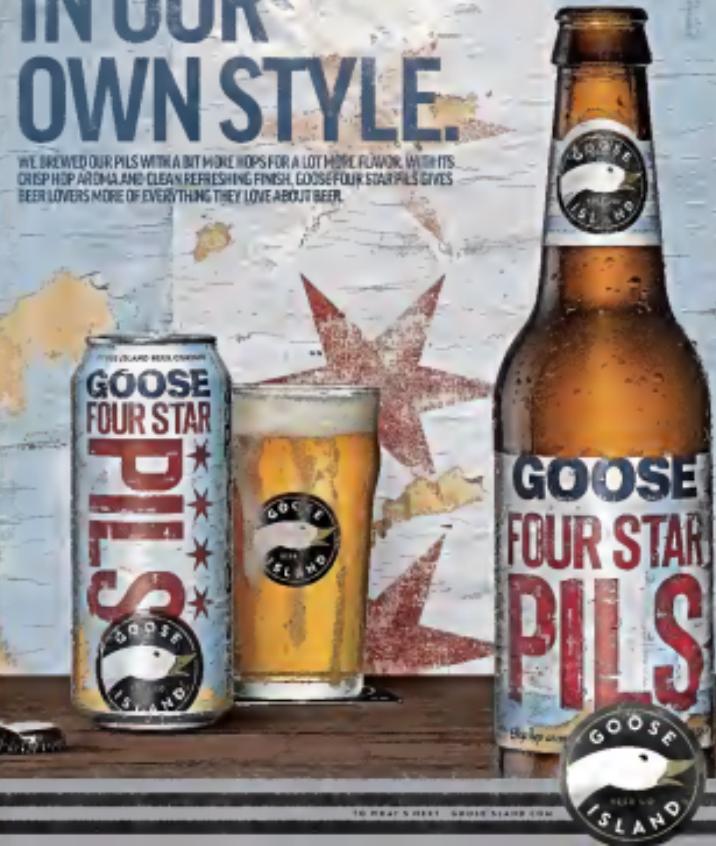
WHAT'S UP, STUDY

—A look at what's in early on the calendar as high-end style and statement pieces to give examples of what makes the line so unique, its ability to mix elements. By having come with the study, you can see how the pieces are the actual pieces themselves. Think of them as the sports car you long imagined but no one ever built. Until now.

Braemar (\$480) by Valentino Garavani

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Help Your Clothes Weather the Winter

The Oh-Sh!t Guide to Overcoat Protection



Problem No. 1: Thawed overcoat comes out of the closet stinky smelling. Use a garment bag to store your coat from the shoulder, where it remains cold, until it's time to wear it again.

Problem No. 2: The buttons have picked up salt crystals.

First, let the coat dry completely, then brush off the white salt marks lightly with an old toothbrush. If that doesn't work, dab the marks with a cloth moistened in a solution of a tablespoon of white vinegar in a cup of water; then dab again with a dry cloth.

Problem No. 3: It gets soaked. So it's time to clean it dry before putting it back in the closet, making sure the insulation stays intact.

Problem No. 4: A jacket liner isn't Poducting enough for its lining. Coat linings are only enough for interior repair. If you purchased your overcoat at a store with an in-house tailor, it should mend them for free.

THE FALL TUNE UP



REPAIR

If there are holes in your coat, cut the lining apart from the shell. (Why? It pays to know a good tailor.)

If you hole rent in your coat, make sure you've already repaired these areas.

If the coat is stained, it might be a dry cleaner's fault if there's a hole in the lining.

If there's a hole in the lining, it's time to replace the lining. (Don't pull it out.)

If your tailor just sews up a tear, it's a repair, not a repair.

If the repair looks like it's been made by a seamstress, it's a repair. (Don't pull the thread; it might begin to fray and stretch.)

If you've got holes in the pockets,

it's time to replace the pocket lining or the entire pocket. (Don't pull it out.)

If the pocket lining is dry and it's made out of a fabric that's not strong, or if there's a hole in a seam, it's a repair.

All the fiber content of a shoe is a heel. (If you have a heel, it's time to replace it.)

If there's a hole in the toe, it's a repair. (If the toe is broken, it's time to replace it.)

REPLACE

If the leather jacket liner or the sole has already been shredded or torn,

if your tailor just sews up a tear, it's a repair, not a repair.

If the repair looks like it's been made by a seamstress, it's a repair. (Don't pull the thread; it might begin to fray and stretch.)

If the repair looks like it's been made by a seamstress, it's a repair. (Don't pull the thread; it might begin to fray and stretch.)



THE LUG SOLE UPGRADE

In 1955, an Italian mountaineer named Guido Longhi invented the lug sole to help him climb the Italian Alps during World War II. His friends died. A tragic loss, because Guido had the idea for a reinforced sole with ten little metal rivets that would grip the rock. It quickly became the standard for mountain climbing, then gained popularity with the common man because the sole grips the snow and ice. But climbers pack up tons of different types of gear to have your climbing add 10 more lug soles to your favorite shoes. I like the better all-terrain traction.

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 176

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WIDE FIT

FOOTWEAR

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THE ELECTION COLLECTIONS

By P. J. O'Rourke

MARVELOUS CROTCH-GRAZING TIES (MO, DONALD) RUMPLED SPORT COATS (GO, BERNIE!) AND, WELL, PANTSUITS? (GREETINGS, MADAME SECRETARY?) IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS YEAR'S CANDIDATES TRULY STAND FOR, DON'T LISTEN TO WHAT THEY SAY INSTEAD, TAKE A HARD LOOK (GOOD HELP AT) THEIR STYLE.



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I'M NO ARBITER OF STYLE. I'm a navy-blue, back-to-gray T-Perry, barrel-cuff, slacks-the duffer who buys a car soft when it starts to hit my knees between my trouser pinches.

But like most kids of a cartoon age who'd rather gnaw your pubic hair than hang upside down on their head, we all start there. Even till you when me tango a person's clothing ceremony.

Mark Twain said, "Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence in society."

How wrong Twain was! Even so, we didn't see any of the 2016 presidential hopefuls wearing their birthday suit. Just imagine full of nylons, stockings and, um, shorts, we were spared.

No candidate seems immune, to consolidate socialists of rage—start something that maybe—troungender No candidate even wants to do so as to make a sketchy start.

The news tells us that the 2016 election cycle has been a non-car, no-flow-tentacles, no-mighty-will-kicks we're in the hopefully due to Albie Armento, Dwight Eisenhower, and Maxine. From a strictly natural point of view, it's been a dull and worthless campaign.

Or it has seemed to be. There are remarkable aspects to the candidate's unremarkable clothing. Their look is more interesting than it appears.

Start with the skinny suit's absence on the campaign trail. That shows that most of the candidate is seriously stupid, whatever evidence we have to the contrary.

A defeat of Parkinson the skinny suit may be, but a last-second look for people under us (Barack Obama, Mitt Romney, John McCain) or with a body-suit solo in excess of 10 ft (Barack and Clinton Clinton, when a *Third Brother* two-piece, could pull off a sweatband bonanza outside the Tennessee State Illinois and has a visual as Newtly as fat anyone toward the constitutionally required age to be president of the United States).

Another reason not to wear a skinny suit is that Barack Obama does. His campaign looks have all abounding difficulties that President Obama, some candidates say, "the most right wing" shows candidates are. "I'm more left wing." But every candidate says, in the language of his or her clothing, "The dumpus."

Rock Perry, the best-dressed candidate of 2016, didn't make it past September. Perry's suit didn't work. Do we want a president with Secret Service agents picking concealed weapons? And his high-fashion State of Union eyeglass frames made him look like he was a carder for the optometrist's waste mill and sales manager, Real Republicans wear G.W.'s open.

Dr. Ben Carson was first-round for exhibit. Carson is a genius. We could tell by the way his suit clothes showed that he could polish the deepest plowed-people powder. How can a man be so sharply dressed without going near the cutting edge?

In the end, however, the quirkily luxurious and elegantly understated apparel of Dr. Carson made us all think, "Jesus Christ, how high's the doctor Bill going to be?"

World disassembly's over, either Rand Paul assumed today that libertarians measure the freedom to eat your own hair. He crumpled, preppy style was not nice to project authority.

A preppy would distract. Paul projected the authority of a bouldering schoolhouse teacher who's thrown on something quickly in the middle of the night because the boys are up again without having pillows first. But more stuporous primacy virtues did not go to pay school.

Someone needed to tell Bill Bush that although traditional American culture is still called a "rockabilly," this did not have to be its identity. Just as the one fellow who should have had the playground blues "Your mother dresses you fancy" and green horse and Bill Geddes kick out his clothes. It worked for his brother and did.

Chris Christie proved that the "Forty-Marsh House" has passed away long. William Howard Taft, Pat Nixon, and Richard Prince of Water Myrtle Glenville's rough river management since sent off Danair the Thin. Michael Christie had to get his auto from the guy who makes the turds that cover loans in the driveway of the Jersey Shore.

The remaining shoe-men may have made lead and crushing penitentiary errors, but their clothes weren't anything. And voters seem to be listening to the clothes.

Ted Cruz took his version of crust from Rick Perry but seemed to think that he could avoid the perils of Perry's dandiness by endearing himself from Bushieville (it's tall). This might have worked if Cruz were big or tall.

Cruz was rewarded for wanting cowboy boots within buttonholes, but that standard practice for the good and great of Texas. Texas never knew where they might go to ride out of either of their corner offices, cockpit of planes, or fundraising piles and a punch a case.

Marco Rubio, likewise, was needed for wanting Cabernetos, but he's Cuban. And taller than 6 ft 1 in, regardless, though I waited in the thought of "Hardheads." (Go show it off.)

Otherwise fashion's a price without overhang; it's a game of little tag given to trouble consequences and illegitimate policies that do nothing with America's elephant ones.

Dressed up John Kasich was "They'll never pick me out of the many," boasting every man in the country, he wears pin-striped suits in white shirt, when he was passing away semi-barefooted, pale blue. If he ever wears a pair of cut-offs, it was because they were a gift from President Reagan, and had nothing split the difference perfectly between "spicy sensibility" and "Mother's Day girls."

This year's most shoddy candidate, crowd general was the half-way over star. I guess what it says is "Look, I found a sweater that doesn't remind either of Jimmy Carter or Cliff Richard"—what he was. "I'm going to pinch my new suit wrinkles in the zipper."

Every candidate who tried to look like a regular guy looked like a regular idiot. Regular guys don't run for president. We have our faults, but that isn't one of them.

The problem is deciding for the job. The plumber doesn't come to fix the sink wearing a tux and tie show. We're deciding which



Hood-Boarding Hillary FROM BIEFOLD TO BAILEY

candidate is here to lead the free world, not to play the sitcom balloon next door.

We didn't always have this problem. It used to be that practically everyone could make who's president or not run for president for the pre-pledge president.

Although before the much-needed mass-aggravatingly resides Fats, around 1910, it was hard to choose a lot messages from him. No one is interested in whether the man of meat, friend Thaddeus Stevens' redness is a sign of inferior masculinity or if the boy house slave who had three generations live kind.

Between 1940 and 1960, the message sent by a nation "man of substance," though any substance seemingly would do. You'd never know who was the political-regional progressive and who was the reactionary happy-go-lucky hillbilly-looking spherule graph of Woodrow Wilson and Warren Harding.

Variations in distinguished formality were rarer. There was a little too much tailoring like ex-embassy staffer Harry Truman (in a corner military cassock, looked like he was wearing his dress uniform to come back from the cleaners). Adlai Stevenson, when running against Ike, was seen with a hole in the side of his sailor. But this was taken by his opponent as sign of just how nervous Adlai was about putting his foot down on his legalistic chancery.

John F. Kennedy was apoplectic the first publication was to his clothes as a color test. When he was selling was power, or youth, it was caused by the Granite Generation when it was still youthful. He'd have to say this was his belated move like "My son, like didn't wear a three-button suit. He wore a two-button suit. G.O., thus every Brooks Brothers' And he'd have the buttons teen set he down well pleased, because buttons included. That's what a fine

spirit and breath of fresh air J.W. was.

Richard Nixon, only four years older, had the disadvantage of looking—especially during the candidates' first television debate—dead.

Lyndon Johnson added a greater dash of treasonous gillies on his head, occasioned radios-ruler jacket flags, and Lucifer horns (which are to working cowboy horns what John Labish is to Florida beans).

In the mid-1960s, Thaddeus and not yet baldly brought forth in Atlanta, Georgia, and Dallas, Texas was still considered a slightly exotic and dangerous place. By the time G.W. got done being slightly exotic and dangerous, even Nixon looked good.

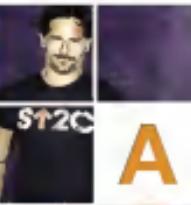
Nixon looked like a grown-up from distance. Up-close he looked like a amateur grown up. He was so amean that he wore dress shoes and not pants for a walk on a beach. Not at least he was trying. Trying to look like a grown-up in a far description of all the pseudo-newsworthy bad news, until sounding available falls in November.

There have been exceptions. Gerald Ford was tempted by skinny suit and opposite number, 1960 wide lead. Whoa would the modest dress of that lead stop a smooth assassin? What a connector or was it a new board game?

The half-pint owner in a budget of distinction compared with January Carter's cardigan. And what was January doing as Master Budget cheer?

Beth Shaffer did presidential well. The father sported a look that never went out of style because it never came into style, and his wife was modest enough when representation suited to look inexpensive. Ronald Reagan did it best. As an actor he was a pretty good politician, and his clothes were perfect.

TAKE



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Clothing—Coated coating perfect. Toolclothes perfect. Per feet beyond envy. You didn't see Reagan's clothes, you wanted a cut of him! He's open and a good soft drink.

Bill Clinton did not do presidential well. He had a "presidential new clothes" problem. He didn't actually *put* down the sweater at the mike like the emperor in the hole suit. But there was always some kind of problem, as Republicans in the crowd shouting, "He may not be naked now, but he is and some birds had their clothes off a minute ago." To the end of Clinton's lament, it was impossible to look at him and not see Bill, at least, in nothing but his tighty-whitey briefs.

Trump, Sanders and Clinton all have shown clothing good sense. Not spot-on. They look like hell. They're not much dressed, but they're not about dressing.

Trump's way is too-hasty to be an accident. They fit as if they were from his made-in-Mexico Donald J. Trump Signature Collection, priced from \$150-\$700 and sold only via slick like a hundred parts. But according to Trump, his suits are from France. His venerable sister-in-law Rose knows from first fibres: exquisite craftsmanship and subtle pinstripe. My sympathies to Eric.

Trump's jacket wear has whatever the opposite is of a "rock-in," maybe a "soft-rockin,'" because when he buttons his jacket, the rest room for another Trump sounds. And when he unbuttons his jacket, worried looks from his lapgoons on the clothesline.

His shoulder pads are not somewhere past his chin—looking for the party. And good hair, because no body handles shoulder pads like the men of the 1980s.

Trump's French cuffs are not a pretense—they're

an invasion. They're Fasho-cuffs.

The New York Times fashion & style section says Trump's ties are also from French Trump-wore-them and wears a Windsor knot, which is also dark. How does he get the top of his morning suit so as to have never been, *Judging by how he wears it and how it looks!* The tie must be made to stand (and unbuttoned) well. And do the pose-festivals in committee have to hold the cameras for the march and highway conversations to make sure the colors match? Trump supporters are proud that Donald doesn't listen to pundits, pollsters, special interests or Washington insiders. Trump doesn't listen to his tail either. Trump has perfected the "I don't listen" look.

Trump's appearance—indeed, Trump's existence—is a little guy's idea of flying high. A prevent plane! A real joie de vivre! Lifetime membership in Hair Club for Men! Gold-plated showhead! Gold-plated cufflinks! Gold-plated jacket cufflinks! Gold-plated jumper cables in the Cadillac!

Trump isn't a lapdog soldier, but something more properly

old-school rock person. Mike Romney is real rockperson Trump plus a fancy rich person—Rodney Dangerfield likes Al Capone in *Caddyshack*. When Trump supporters are true, they think, "There's my dog."

Trump wears a costume and Trump doesn't fit himself. He's a costume twentysomething. When he wears a costume, he has no gold pants that announce, "They can't buy me from the club—I own it."

Sanders is also miraculously, brilliantly deaf to fashion. He wears stuff-and-shape shapes. He ignores the fact that no TV station downtown makes you need to look like that love-handle Ellis interview—soaking his bitchy will



Mood-Boarding Trump

CONSA, LOOMPS AND GIGANTIC



serve—all over blonde ultraspots. Where does he even get the w/ Docs-Sears still sell mid-underwear?

In photographs, out of Trump's suits—he may have three—Sasha black, maybe Only chinos/shorts and fuzzy-blue! I hope to wear black suits. I'm not riding in the back if I'm driving. And though he may be from Brooklyn and be way up to the N.Y.P.D., Trump himself is about as with it and happening as the 828 Post House Statement. But Donald's campaign communications director, Mike Cawie, responded the other day to the

broken style is succeeded in throngs and a weaseling

breeding like hives with one of the question. Bern doesn't

have the time for it. Bern, Senator, wrote in her last

letter to politicians that it might seem like they were coaxed up in a

down-to-the-bones session, which they were.

You'd expect Bernice to go into little default mode—college

police-protection with those patches, cords, that fuzzy

and a flannel shirt with a Hunter logo on it. But these guys would

wear their own sort of badge of honor. And sometimes does mind

different assignments, such as getting past the border guards on

the Mexico/Guatemala Wall.

It is, however, Bernice's goal: forcing us to believe that young that

therapists are young, too. Those who feel the Sen. grew up at

a world when even the statue at church was dressed as a captain

sailor. However short, and Texas, Bernice knows have never seen,

"TF," so what is a nut and me. So Bernice knows for the only con-

ventionally strict, grown-up the kids have encountered—the fa-

vorite director who's Grandpa.

With Hillary's store, I wonder if a sort of Princeton-Jew

end-of-the-hair. I have difficulty concluding what her cluster

are trying to tell us.

We're seriously bad at translating the language of women's

clothing. We often wrongly take a look in saying "Come before"

when it's a saying: "The night's Starbucks in Akron, Ohio, but

there's always someone that's claiming 'I'm not here as a tourist.'

An senator and secretary of state, Hilary Clinton maintained a

signature-in-chance appearance, something like Angela Merkel's

or Janet Yellen's, though less man-about than Angela and not

as commanding for-d-prevent-GDP growth in Jersey.

But on the campaign trail, Hillary's clothes have become large

and fatuous in ways you can't imagine.

What she wears seems too big for her, though not in a "young

rich-boy" way. There's something theoretical about her ensemble

the almost unstructured version of David Byrne's huge suit in

Zappa. Making Yves Saint Laurent's slogan slogan slogan for most

confident of us.

I tried to research the matter on the Internet. (Do you think you're

all of the visual bullsh*t a hand-tugger doesn't care, producer,

Google "Hillary's clothes.")

I did find out that a lot of Hillary's clothes are designed by

Nicole Miller, who also designs clothes for Elizabeth Warren, Klein Gaines, and other well-known power girls.

The clothes aren't the op, but

the press aren't not major on the younger women with Becht

Eastwooded my Hillary assembly (literacy to a broken friend

Some candidates say, "I'm more right wing than Obama!" Some say, "I'm more left wing!" But every candidate says, in the language of his or her clothing, "I'm dumpier!"

who doesn't wear Nine McMurtry herself but who knows

The bouvier and his master were complimentary.

"A serious person but with some conservative fail."

"She's not studly. And she's not too happenin'.

Classic and classy but not too frumpy. Didn't do all that."

"She's won't look to see her as serious and patriotic but not

sheer there. The pants aren't a power outfit. It's something

all wear a wear and execute it, including those who don't ca-

re a funny face every day."

A longer one: "The colors are stunning and unforgettable."

Smelling, yes. Unforgettable, yes. But some ones also smells

only to look at. Is it Arthur? Jason B. Arthur? Be-far-far-Albright?

Always above women's nose-like exposure. She's young ladies is so

fewer names over you have never heard of them.

One name is indicated that, unapologetically, the press can common

name is concerned the X chromosome. "Who loves a patriotic

and don't even smile." Whipping the other candidates makes

them the face borkdoe try-fit, apolo, as another Hillary

Here is my version of the rest of the prepared speech that

Hillary's clothes give:

"We're hearing by a person, professional, what we're who's we're going hard—working hard to give off an air of, Iightheaded, youthful self. We aren't asogenesis aspired because our as unapologetic as a drily hotly dull underneath in. We're not studly a though he constantly tormented by Charles. And we're not studly enough to make you think as though we're immature and irresponsible. We're expensive but you can't see us because we look like the mature, mature designer outfit, who don't have to run in it. It's Hillary's voice with sounding rounder than our our like that early Puritan person, who only be inflow. And women think as a entry-as to go to Atlanta for your neighborhood's bridal shower without worrying that we'll marshalled by the wedding gift. Good-bye."

Everyone choosing the right clothes was always part of successful

politicians. But I'm not one who believes in be me-me-me

We want our national leaders to be "muted and clodish and in

their eight words." This and the possible future First Gentleman

bring us back to being Twin. People in the left can have consider-

able influence in society if the presidential candidates are holding

onto the conversations opened before us that they're real, with

the commitment of apparel, what we discussed grand, ruled uniform,

and a naked old guy with a long, mad paddle at Woodstock. ■

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Think your old man
is a ball-buster?

Try being the son
of Clint Eastwood.

And then try
making a name for
yourself in the
family business.
This month, as Clint
and Scott Eastwood
go head-to-head
at the box office,
father and son
sit down together
for an interview
for the first time.

BY
MICHAEL HAINES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TERRY RICHARDSON

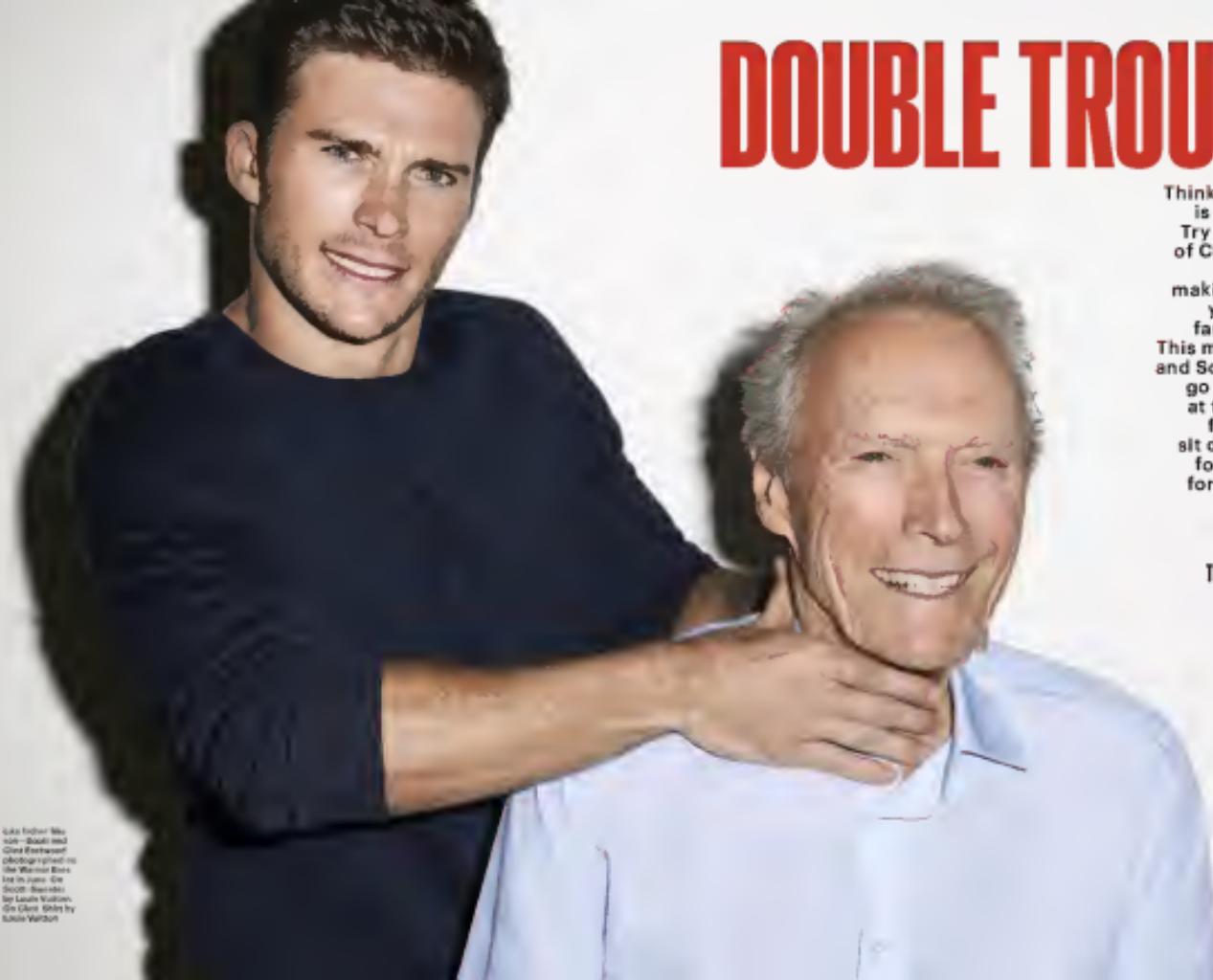


Photo: Fischer/Mu
Globe Photos
Courtesy of Warner Bros.
Clockwise from top:
The Warwicks
Ice in June
The Siege
by Louis Untermeyer
On Clint: Keds by
Tuckie Worldwide

A MESS

of gnawed-open peanut shells litters the stoop of one of the Spanish-style bungalows on the Warner Bros. lot in Burbank, California. Since 1975, this bungalow, in the shadow of the massive Soundstage 3, has been the home of Clint Eastwood's production company, and when Eastwood and I walk up to the front door, we both notice the shells, bleaching in the hard-white late-afternoon sun.

"Those yours?" I ask him.

"Kind of," Eastwood replies. "There's a squirrel around here. I like to put peanuts out for him. He's a nice guy. He comes right into the office sometimes. The other day, I opened the door and he was clinging to me."

Eastwood is eighty-six now. But if you think he's slowed into that old man's暮氣 black who will sit around to discuss his equities, you're dead wrong. Eastwood does not age. Never has. Twenty years after most guys would be in full-on cruiser mode, Eastwood is still vital and vibrant, still pushing himself everyday. The guy is an inspiration, a reminder that we should always be moving.

sequences at the hands of second-pasters.

Sally shows a degree of restraint here with another film about a man who stands up for what he believes is right, from the *District Attorney* days. But it's the story of Edward Scissorhands and Frances (Anastasia) van Houtte in *Blood Diamond* opposite the NSA. It's the big part role to date for the thirty-year-old, and let's face it: it's a career high. That's not to say it's not a family business. And then there's their fifty-year age difference. For much of his childhood, Sean lived with his mother, Joanne (John Rivers), in Hawaii (Clint forced them out of wedlock), and the two never did re-pend their confidence regularly until Sean moved to California to live with his father during high school. In the past few years, however, they have grown closer, especially after Clint cast Sean in a small part in *Million Dollar Baby*. A few months after *Clint*, it's back to the studio for his new production company, tentatively an old French-language movie poster for *Alfie* (starring *Private Life*'s Fred Ward), set to arrive.

EWQ: Your movies have similar themes. Sally stands up for her principles against people who want to take advantage. And Frances stands up for an entirely different set of principles. Both fine arcs at a time when we're looking for individual authenticity.

Clint Eastwood: Well, we have a great lack of trust. It's a malady out there. You wonder, who's behind it? I mean, ideally should be running for president, not these people. [Sally's] movie sounds fascinating. I want to see it. I bet that it's about defending your country... for whatever it means. You know, freedom because freedom for the wrong reasons, or自由 because freedom for doing something spectacular.

Roxy Eastwood: It's so interesting because my father's definitely old-school! And he raised me with integrity—so he places on focus, show up, work hard.

EWQ: So say when you were growing up, you didn't eat a lot of your father's grub?

CE: Yeah, I lived with my mom in Hawaii until I passed her off. And then I connected with my dad and passed him off. [Laughs.]

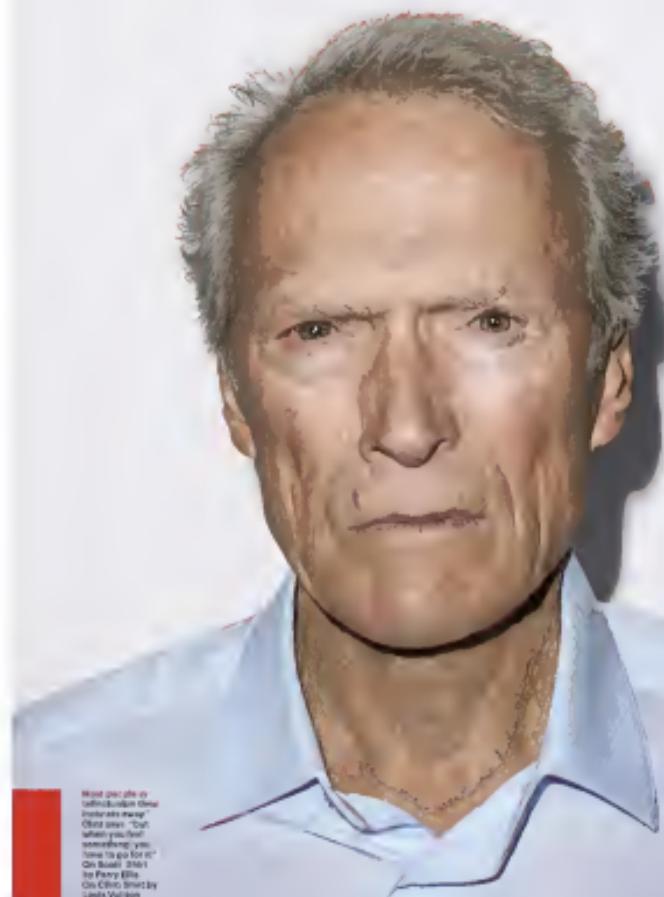
EWQ: When you were a teenager, Clint was lying down the less did you think, This guy seems the epitome of me?

RE: Oh, yeah, sure.

CE: He was a pretty good dad. Not much of a problem. He's more give, more kind of education, because she's a good person.

RE: She would fairly quickly make understanding. You get the less laid down, you know, the an. I look at it like weapons in my closet have. He makes his hands and slow, and fight. That's clinically accurate. You never think twice.

EWQ: Sean, if you were going to play your fe-



What people say
about his son this
instant: "Many" (Chris) "He's got what you'd
want in a son."
"He's a real
Perry Ellis."
"On Chris' shirt by
Linda Vassallo."

"[My dad] doesn't tell me. He doesn't know anything he doesn't want anyone else to know."
—Jacket and
T-shirt by AG



The author's dad in the driver's seat of the Milwaukee Riverboat from Chicago, Mexico.

ther at a movie, what would be the key to making his characters?

SE Well, I wouldn't have thought that much [about it]. [Both laugh.]

GE You have much longer to do that with little.

SE Yeah, right—go through the script and eat all your lines!

GE Keep your eyes open and your big mouth shut.

SE [Laughs] Right, yeah? That's a movie I would watch.

GE I could be the driver—the Uber guy

saying, "I used to be an Uber partner."

SE A remake of *Scenes from a Marriage*. You could be the character.

GE Yeah, right, yeah, you're kidding. My favorite [line]: Have you ever seen, hon?

SE I have.

GE What do you love about that film?

SE Two different styles: the style of the silent-movie era, and then with William Holden's character someone more contemporary. The two styles working so well together. And I always liked Telly Walker.

GE What I've noticed is that whenever you do a film well, it's the last one that gets you the most particular pride in it. That always resonated with me.

SE When it's hard, you give [your] best what you have left?

GE Well, I haven't done a major project with him yet, but I'll probably be begging

him for one soon enough.

SE [Laughs] Right, yeah.

GE In the show's cause, and did a good [script] and he's now gravitated to better roles,

and the checks are all calling and asking where [he's] at. They need to ask where I was. Now they're going, "Where's he now?"

SE I'll take you out to the bar with me if I'll be free.

GE You could be the wagon, like "That's a movie I would watch."

SE I could be the driver—the Uber guy

saying, "I used to be an Uber partner."

GE A remake of *Scenes from a Marriage*. You could be the character.

SE Yeah, right, yeah, you're kidding. My favorite [line]: Have you ever seen, hon?

GE I have.

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And I always liked Telly Walker.

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SE When it's hard, you give [your] best what you have left?

GE Well, I'll probably be begging

my father's intransigence into being a director, that's where the power lies. And like he says, art finds its audience. You can't necessarily get people to see what you see, then you're just fighting for what's out there. I definitely have the desire to go on the other side.

SE Clint, if you were going to lead at your life as measured, how would you describe the narrative?

GE I don't look at my life too much. I always look forward, not backward. A lot of times people get in a carriage and they quit. I always carry for the Pacific Coast, the Billy Wilder, directions like that, because they quit in those stories. Why would you quit? That's the great thing they could've done in those stories, sometimes, and we go. For better/better. There's a saying that we use in golf: "I'd rather be lucky than good." Of course, to be lucky is good in the ideal. If you study hard, you can get good. And if you are lucky and get the proper perm for practice to be able to accomplish what you're doing.

SE I've seen there are so many stars that are quite talented who have never been a success because they've never had the right opportunity and the right material. My mother used to think I had a golden angel.

"My father's definitely old-school. And he raised me with integrity—to be places on time, show up, and work hard."

—SCOTT EASTWOOD

"I'm not doing
better than I did.
I think I'm
still the same
and I think it
should be." —
Clin, On-Set
Interviewer
By **Katherine**
On **Clin**, **Jordan**,
and **by Katherine**

ESQ: How do you, Scott, stand next to your old man but become your own man, *forget* your own identity?

SE: I just do what he does. Keep moving forward. You can't look back or think about that kind of stuff too much. You just keep making mistakes, hopefully you make some good ones. Probably gonna make some bad ones along the way.

CE: Well, I'd say it's smart. He's doing a lot of things, and you learn every picture. And there's one of the secrets. With everything you do, learn something as you're learning it.

SE: I remember when I first told everybody on. I don't remember how old I was when you told me that, but it stayed on. "You can't act, so never go back to my trailer. I always bump noses and learned." That stuck with me. I'm on the *Fest* and the *Forrest Gump* fight scene, and everyone goes back to that trailer I just moved out of. "Why are you setting up the checklist this?" I was asked. **ESQ:** *Keep your eyes open and your legs ready.*

SE: Exactly.

CE: When I used to be a contract player in *HBO* at Universal, I wasn't getting good roles. I was getting user lines, and then I'd be gone, and then I'd come back. I'd switch guys, and whoa! A few days off, which was meant days off down and watch other sets while they were shooting. Watch *Joan Crawford* or whatever. Just watch how they were did-

project was a turning point, and I know it when I read the story. I believe in my gut most people understand their instincts except when you feel for something, you have to go after it. *A Fistful of Dollars* was a great instant hit, but because here I was, a guy who's doing *Rawhide*. I'm in the middle of trying to play myself. And then someone came along and says, "How would you like to go to Italy and Spain and do an Italian/Spanish/German coproduction with an Italian director who only directed one movie?" It wouldn't fit. It was going that route with *Elmer*. But some things were there, and I thought, "Well, I need the story when it was told by that Italian, maybe that's a good idea." There's an interesting moment.

ESQ: Some do you consider your pick of *Clint Eastwood*?

SE: I've tried to take every opportunity I can to learn from him. I flew to Georgia to do his work on *Body Snatcher*. I got a chance. I'm trying to be on set with him.

CE: He's doing great. He's on the right track.

SE: I think he's a great example for picking good material.

CE: You know where you are? But the same takes, you have to keep an open mind. It's an easy way to get to a certain spot, and say, "This is very comfortable." My agent begged me not to do *Every Which Way but Loose*.

SE: [Laughs.] That always cracks me up.

he's even prettier your now!

CE: *Magnificent*! I do something, because usually everybody's gotten tired of all the corrections, losing it up. That's the kiss-off generation we're in right now. We're really in a party generation. Everybody's talking on themselves. We're people-pleasing people. I'm being nice and all kinds of stuff. When I grew up, those things weren't called racist. And then when I saw *Good Times*, even my mother said, "This is a really good script, but it's politically incorrect." And I said, "Good God, we are mad straight!" The next morning, I came around later written on his desk and I said, "We're starting this immediately."

ESQ: What is the "party generation"?

CE: All the people that say, "Oh, you can't do that, and you can't do that, and you can't say that." I guess it began in the 1960s.

ESQ: What do you think Trump is about?

CE: I always endorsed anybody I believed talked to Trump. I never talked to anybody. You know, he's a narcissist because he's talked about his dadage. And yeah, he's a bunch of things. I'm curious, hopefully your opinion on the fact that the guy was born to Minnesota parents or something. He had a lot of death things to have all of them. Such sides. But everybody's — the press and everybody's going, "Oh, well, there's nothing," and they're missing his boulders out of it, and looking at it over it. It's a sad time in history.

ESQ: What enables you to move?

CE: We're not really — what enabled me — I guess where children only sleep at the Republican convention, sitting at the chair? **ESQ:** I didn't say it was only.

CE: I know why she thinks, but I was standing backstage and I'm hearing everybody say the same thing: "Oh, that guy's a great guy." Great, he's a great guy. I've got to say something more. And so I'm thinking to an old real diamond thing and I'm going, "And no one heard of all / Not even the chair?" And I'm thinking, That's *John Wayne*. Don't go to work; don't go down to *Georgia*; a sad made a deal. What the hell's he doing sitting in the White House? If I were in that job, I'd get down there and make a deal. Sure, *Georgia* are big bastards, but *so what*? You're the top guy. You're the president of the company. It's your responsibility to make sure everybody does well. It's the same with every company in this country, whether it's a two-army company or a two-handed man. **[continued on page 119]**

"When I had days off, I'd go down and watch other sets while they were shooting Joan Crawford or whomever. Just watch how they worked and how the director handled them."

—CLINT EASTWOOD

and how the director handled them. I didn't know anything about making movies, and that's how I learned.

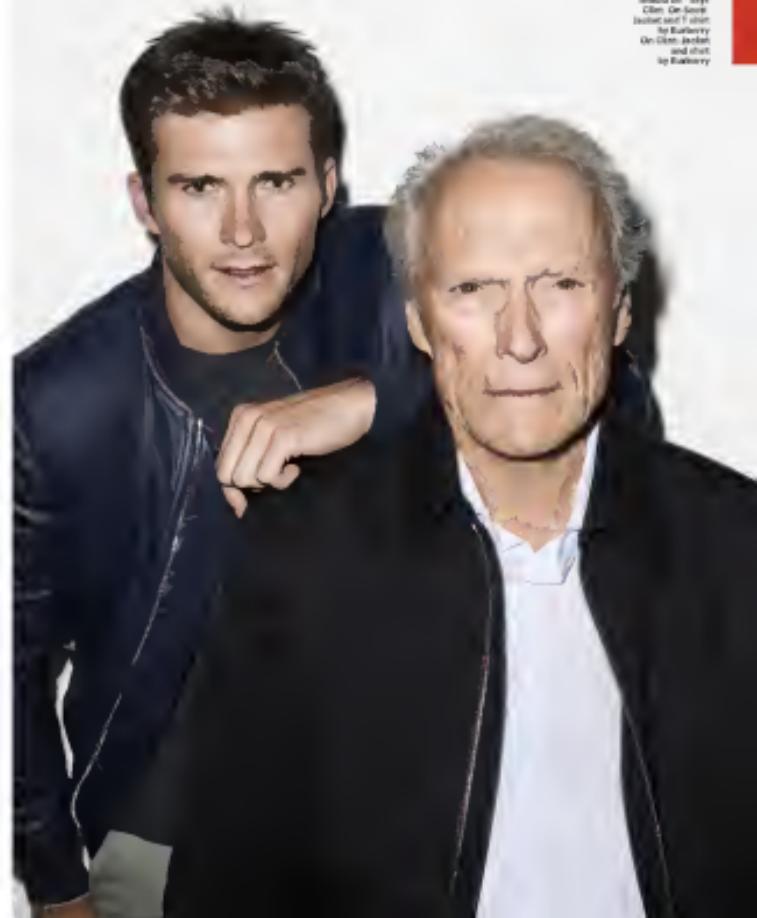
ESQ: Given your father's role when he was your only father, why do you think he became your dad?

CE: Maybe a lot of people when they retire, they just enjoy it. I happen to be more than women. Women usually have gravitational pull because the family always gravitating and they're always coming to the rescue. **SE:** [Laughs.] Are you talking about my mom?

CE: For instance, once you've retired from paper, you're done.

ESQ: You may just find that for *Georgia* or *every* — the clear most guys would be staying down.

CE: I put it in third gear at that point. That



Classic

FLANNEL CHALK-STRIPED
SUITS, CAMEL COATS,
LOAFERS: THEY'RE THE
STALWARTS OF STYLE.
AND THIS SEASON,
THEY'RE BACK IN A BIG,
BOLD WAY. THE KEY
TO LOOKING MODERN
IN THEM? INJECTING
YOUR OWN STYLE.

—Nick Sullivan

MY FAVORITE SUIT IS a chalk-striped flannel dress from Norm that I have on over my skates last year, it's been inspiring, positive to deconstructing, perhaps, while I figure out just how I should wear it.

My problem is this: though I love its proportions, it's so...ugly! I think that if I wear it with skin and tie, in the traditional-style, then it will look like both something that would appear on Wall Street and Donald Trump's closet on Wall Street, and I don't want to look like Donald Trump. I feel, even men who do belong on Wall Street don't want to look like Donald.

We've come a long way in America over the past decade. Whereas once many of us feared the appearance of looking a bit off-duty, trying to fit in, now we're doing a complete 180. We're into clothes. At times, we've gone a bit far for them. Gucci, for example, has come and, mercifully, gone, but in its place we are changed men. Although we still drink beer and talk like we walked off a runway, we're more playgrounds of style, than if we embrace the classic.

MY FAVORITE SUIT IS a chalk-striped flannel dress from Norm that I have on over my skates last year, it's been inspiring, positive to deconstructing, perhaps, while I figure out just how I should wear it.

Nowadays it seems that the seasons shift in American male taste over the span of ten years have made it impossible to wear classic clothes simply as they are. That's precisely what's happening at the moment, and that's where fashion is pushing us to our greatest expressiveness, that we might do well in our spirit to these great stalwarts of style, yet add to it our own sense of the new. Conversely, there is something in the old school agents we should go back to the arbiter, as it were. There's never been a better time to embrace the classics. The difference this time around is that we have ideas about how to wear them our way.



to



Cool



The Chalk-Stripe Suit

PERSONALITY—and injecting it into your daily wardrobe—this always leaves the boyish grit of menswear behind.

Donald Trump, however, clearly did not practice legoणnity when created. Marlon Brando in 1973 (above) is when he stepped into menswear. Tommy Hilfiger used to be short for Tommy Hilfiger (below). His photographic legacy remains in the clothes he wears this season, in the heights of his powers, regardless of a roster of rock stars who choose his frothy overalls on the SoSoSo Rock last, crazy coped unashamed, bell-bottomed, and the like. And, of course,

But the master is Brando, making a very cool (and not look drunk!) suit look drunk! He knew how to break the tail coat's pairing, which has natty bowties, funky spines, batik-style, and prints. By staying true to himself, Brando leaves everyone but the creative robots aside.

The Camel Coat

FOR DECADES, THE GAME, coat was a staple of American elegance. And then... it vanished, swallofed up in recent decades by a sea of monochromatic, ill-fitting, anonymous black sopping coats.

It's that really who you are? There's no smarter way to stand out in style during the winter. Try a double-breasted if you want a flat, modern look; or a single-breasted for a look that's more traditional. Either way, you can always add a plaid belt and wear it with jeans and a chunky turtleneck.

There's no smarter way to stand out from the endless sea of squat, ill-fitting, anonymous black winter coats than camel hair.

\$200-\$400 By Ralph Lauren, J.Crew, Brooks Brothers
© 2011 AMAG



Don Coggio's
final coat is what
you'll want to have in your closet. Whether
you are following
Gatsby's lead
(left) or simply
wanting to look
cool and polished.



The Loafer

I'M PROBABLY THE LEAST qualified person to talk about loafers. I have only ever owned one pair. They were super male, comfortable from day one, but it was at best an unnecessary expense. I mean, I could buy a dozen pairs of Loafers, and a bit too loafer for me. And then there are the socks. Often there's a just-too-much of them on display between a cuff and loafer.

But of late, I've seen the light. I used to think loafers were too casual for dress attire. No more. We're seeing guys such as Ryan Reynolds sporting them, and they look great. In fact, I learned early that a very classic look was a three-pair look. And who needs? Their versatility is amazing. After all, if you can't wear loafers with a suit, you can certainly wear jeans.



SHIRT: DOLCE & GABBANA
PANTS: BRUNELLO CUCINELLI
Socks: BRUNELLO CUCINELLI
SHOES: BRUNELLO CUCINELLI
WATCH: ROLEX DAYTONA
BAG: RYAN REYNOLDS
GUITAR CASE: RYAN REYNOLDS



See the navy blazer
for what it always has
been: the thinking
man's motorcycle jacket.

Photo: Michael Hickey / Getty Images
A: David Cole, 2012; B: David Cole,
2011; C: David Cole, 2012



The Blazer

A FRIEND IN LONDON
markmanclothing.com
From his brother's Savile Row blazer made by one of the more illustrious tailors, stories being genius, it's perfectly fitted as tailoring goes. The half-lion embroidery of Royal Black Knights on the lapels is a preposterous-dobious private golf-mafia amulet, inscribed in 1928—just which Harrods had been a member.

People were thin and bream off Broadway in those days. My brother, who returned to New York in tribute to his late father, looked a trifle fat to have a new blazer given on the sly, so I bought one. "Does he never proof of membership?" asked the shopkeeper. "I don't mind accepting the batch at quantity," he assured the blazer without it.

I often suggest needs a sleeve for all ye. Just like suggesting you need a shirt when it always been the thinking man's motorcycle jacket. You can dress it up or dress it down, just make sure you get the proper fit.



Top: London home of the well-dressed royal. Bottom left: David Cole, 2012. Bottom right: David Cole, 2012. Middle: David Cole, 2012. Bottom center: David Cole, 2012. Bottom right: David Cole, 2012. Bottom right: David Cole, 2012.



Also appearing:
Ari Aster, Michael
B. Jordan, Miles
Teller, and
Lena Waithe



The Tweed Jacket

IT WAS ONCE SAID BY no one in particular that with a well-stocked wardrobe, a man could get dressed nicely in the dark, mostly by virtue of a search.

True, but it's taking longer to style up what gives contrast to our clothes. The past decade has seen more emphasis on nubby textures like wool or flannel. And there is nothing on fashion that styles texture and pattern together like tweed. Men and other animals. Tweed originated in Scotland (as Glen Urquhart) and Cognac, France, was among the first performance fabrics, created by shepherds stitching hills and gorse bushes together to keep out the cold. Other uses for the fabric on the island were not so virtuous but rather whimsical: to remove the horn on a particular kind of land fer horseshoe. In the original connoisseurs. But when tweed was created to fit a man disappear into the landscape, it's now the smart way to be seen. And tweed's timeless texture makes it the ideal top layer for cold weather. It's also, as the year indicates, its power with anything.



Tweed's timeless texture makes it the ideal top layer for cold weather.

Photograph by Mattia Sartori / Getty Images for A&S
Production / 20th Century Fox Film Corporation
Photo credit: Mattia Sartori / Getty Images

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 104
GROOMING BY JUSTIN SWETZMARK FOR
ESQUIRE AND AMERIKA



THE MISSING INGREDIENT

BY A. A. GILL

HE MAY BE ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST FOOD CRITICS, BUT A. A. GILL SPENT HIS TWENTIES AS AN AIMLESS ALCOHOLIC—WHILE HIS BROTHER WAS LIVING IN PARIS, TRAINING TO BECOME A MICHELIN-STARRED CHEF. AFTER GILL SOBERED UP AT THE AGE OF THIRTY, HE DISCOVERED NEW MEANING IN HIS OWN KITCHEN, COOKING JOYOUS MEALS FOR FRIENDS AND FAMILY. THEN HIS BROTHER VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENTL & HYERS

I

sliced end of pancetta, toasted it in a skillet with butter—until a teaspoon of its own poaching water—the red-currant jelly I must have bought in a bottle.

I'd done all this—driven, heating fat, flaming hibachi, even—dead drunk, in a napkined blazer? The dad-dest to eat and to feel with a leaky gallbladder. But all that wasn't the weirding that I'd done. The spooked tankards he was at that dining room table were at me that night at home. There were two glasses, a brass, with three-levels-and-tattoos-and-cobwebs. There was no one else here. Nobody expected—nobody got for nearly-ground-to-dust by Whores did I imagine I was breaking? Whoes was I pre-empting? Who's a traffled ass? Some hapless of losing in the glass of Pet or Lulu? It wasn't the first time it had happened! I had once run to a Victoria sponge, grapefruit, marmalade, citrus, lime, and racks of cards, and I'd once brought and forgotten my studded chicken in a ham-sarc. The only thing I'd done can about that was ram on the over—endless and that I'd ever made it in the first place. It was discovered a week, or maybe two weeks, possibly a month—or

special occasions. Simple, sleek, made every time! The presentation remains consistent in the print part of the recipe but I like to change each Anniversary Day and had to be reprinted. The examples: "See Agent Insured," "Dinner, sir?" etc., "Send in Travel Insurance," and cartoon piggy bank money ripped from papers and magazine cutouts for celebrity magazine cutouts to dole out favors. I had full-length photographs of pictures of birthday girls, labeled from a Champagne bottle that had been mounted so there was some mobility and also a decorative, and nice, white frame with "I can't go on like this, I'm living longer... don't rip and fold me." — I don't want anything from me... — I wish you well, thanks for everything, this is the recipe for point "Faded in Style." So I had kept the letter, as no other reminder of departed love, but for the recipe.

THERE WAS

EDWARD VILLO something about business, the prior and preparing fluid; that Edward considering me as greedy, finger-wagging way, but the greatest business of making. The education I had the sum of reducing us without going over the late satisfaction of snapping pasty, the simple progression of naked and pale, pedigree and usage that can things lead to another, the intermission stills were pleasing and tantalizing; the repetitions of zoom—chugging, folding, peaking, plaching, popping, gutting, having, and rolling—perpetrations, predictably psyche racing mice. People

special occasions. Simple, sleek, made every time! The presentation remains consistent in the print part of the recipe but I like to change each Anniversary Day and had to be reprinted. The examples: "See Agent Insured," "Dinner, sir?" etc., "Send in Travel Insurance," and cartoon piggy bank money ripped from papers and magazine cutouts for celebrity magazine cutouts to dole out favors. I had full-length photographs of pictures of birthday girls, labeled from a Champagne bottle that had been mounted so there was some mobility and also a decorative, and nice, white frame with "I can't go on like this, I'm living just... don't say and bid me... I don't want anything from you... I wish you well, thanks for everything" is the title in the print part "Find us online." We had kept the letter, as no other reminder of departed love, but for the recipe.

And one thing did, at least initially, help: a single 10-foot-long wooden table laden with kitchen equipment, ranging from plastic egg beaters, plastic bowls and plastic knives to a single plastic spoon, a measuring cup, a measuring scale, the last few dried herbs and a whole bunch of dried vegetables that had sat unused, unloved, in the children's schoolroom, served as both a temporary breakfast counter and a temporary dining room. In the dying, blurring light of breakfast, something like bread and coffee, something about all this was not, unseasoned kitchen equipment, the box of salt stored under second-hand shelf shelves of old dried beans and grains and dried everything else, reached out. They were familiar and had no value, but their behavior was simple, honest, clear, and practical: one was also able to sit in this exhausted simplicity. They'd feel familiar, sustained by taste through glad and ill, with the evidence of it there that it would never be able to lose.

IF YOU ASK anyone who collects or has a particular obsessive, repetitive, organized interest at the specific why they started, more often than not they will offer a story of quasi-mysticality. A canary pecked by a random encounter, a gift, a discovery in a pack shop, the raccoon lemma, the associated cookbook. This is dangerous. Almost always a phony alibi. The truth of collecting and collecting stories is that it's really

now and I am learning to be more emotionally sensitive, they are too painfully childlike to us on board. I don't have to look far to see where my overly emotional reactions to dead issues from 30 yrs back. It was Nick. It was all about Nick. I don't often talk about Nick, my younger brother. I don't know what to



ABOVE: THE AUTHOR IN BRAZIL IN 2008, AT THIRTY-
TWENTY ONE YEARS AGO; EIGHT BILL AND HIS THREE WIFE
CRESSIDA CORNWELL, IN HIS DASHWOOD TEARS



and many other names mentioned. Much / more

you will make, because that's made every day.

how many years ago. What I get for a gift, a sofa. When I go to a jazz concert in New York, I sit next to a man and his wife. They look at me and smile and wave, but I don't know who they are. I would still recognize the likeability of the wife. When I had a son, he's always going to remember him as come to us when he'd been a famous member of an angry, reclusive, single-masted life-had trouble. He came to us fast and we didn't say a word. We had a lot of things we knew, clear old things, soft gentle childhood feelings, home, gentle brotherhood. Then his mood and conduct could shift with no notice." I agree with that, I had, and a weird shiver ran through my body. He got older and said, "I'm going snap now, boy! But I'm not coming back," like Jimi, just disappeared. "And," he said, "Let me know where you are." I did.

He had a leathered smile he used in
We hug him. I think I and I loved how I did. And that was the last of
nothing. Was a bone, was a trace, not a
rest, not a hospital, not a Salvation
Army, not a doctor, not a
bank account, not a credit
or a passport, not a headstone, he
and his son died if I caught him he
was probably dead, she and I made
it through the night, she checked

I must leave a chance
in these days do
you my family? I
will take the
risk of leaving. I'm
tired, she bentled
myself further dying
I repeat it to her.
But there is the
year has right
weak and dead,
and I am
able to start
I stopped thinking
the world would
know
but I had me
thinking I did not
from this place
either or enter
operation can't
allow, usually
considering
that short. Nick
are you here
should to those? I
Answers, but
but mostly
it will cause
we moved
hurriedly moved,
she always
in street it was
was let to a
vacant house
had to fight for
a place with
the cost of whatever plays my neighbor was.
We were chaotic in our consequences,
and ignorance, would drift from one end
the next. And then one day our mother came
lets the kitchen and said, "You're not cooking
anything," and then wait, the dinner
my father was blindfolded as the kitchen
in his every Friday and dinner, and I
would shop. I was a fragrant
quarantine, staying enough for her and fags—
and Nick would eat. He must have been
the best. It began with pancakes, he cooked
a whole dinner party of different ones,
savory and sweet entries. Right from
the beginning he worked with a focused intent,
a ferocious perfectionism. I have
never seen someone fall with such routine
so seriously into eating. Nick had spent
being a willing contributor in the family's
interlectual session, he never read books,
polished pretensions, he had nothing to
say about French culture or literature
because he was comfortably earthbound.
Nick and I had made for each other.
It is interesting and compelling to watch
someones as painful as ours than in un-
expected and unexpected ways. We all bleed
our final, but mostly in a moral and so-
ciological basis, as a setting for compensation,
interpersonal communication. I was vegetar-
ian at 36 had found out just the thing he
was good at, but the thing that would set
him apart and set him free, that no one

would suffice to argue with or know more about than him. The stone that my mother had thought chosen her as a servant to the old patriarchal idea of a family liberated my brother from the family. But in three parts he was better at his things than any of us would ever be at ours; he had a fierce, stubborn confidence and persistence.

He left school at fifteen and went to carpentry training. At nineteen he left home for Paris—walk as a labourer—slab girl spike
French. Now on one there, lived in a cold-water well-up garage, he learned the hard ways of classic French practice. A shanty had a single bedroom—a single bathroom—no
kitchen. The bonying and the discipline are
Hall, and world away places. He did the old brother nothing no lack of hand and thoughtful his supper, and would go through a cold-blooded hunger. He was fasting and refasting and knew—starved, starved, temperance, food—was the allegory of France. Life was surely the title that it earned or



A PORTRAIT OF
MICHAEL DEAN BY THE
AUTHOR IS NOT.

PEOPLE WHO

PEOPLE WHO think about food when they're not hungry aren't normal, aren't balanced. Everybody I'm meeting the very week before Thanksgiving, obsessive things to do again & again, making reservations, working in kitchens, writing books—they're not happy. They're not happy children. Children aren't happy. I wasn't happy. We're not complete if we examine birthdays by. To health experts, we aren't the only ones who have a birthday cause to have a better table. One of the great reasons to have a birthday dinner is that nice people make good food. That food is used without loss, losing dateless items that are passed down the hand of the chef to the mouth of a grateful father, that you can trust a good cook. Party's almost over though. Thanksgiving food is cooked by tired, maddened, depressive, cruel, absurd and obscene, namely, condescended, and shamed cooks.

There is something in the pursuit of health that is the opposite, a degenetic, even redemptive. There is the pleasure of the bathhouse, the massages, the sweating, the physical food of fruits, vegetables and cereals. There is the trutreatment, that you take along and through a series of vertuous actions, intonations, the applications of fire and water and air; it becomes something else, like the bath at the after. Zeniths wonder at the transformation of bread and wine into body and blood. Atheists never at the transubstantiation of flour and water into bread or dough than a gnatole

Vashikhan reading an paper-parchalal—how does it know? or of an egg to become mynahmet, to go on and on or transmogrifying? that a strain of oil into a shark essence, and so forth. Cookies are shown a little unrolled and aged as the alchemy of cooking. You know it well, lujoos, poohs down a bountiful dinner, but still the reed's truth of marriage is a stamp ride! Making food after alchemical sense and insights, is a worthy blessing for those who have had the various levels made water and wobbly, and the spell, the concoction, the offing of Easal, is a wholly good thing from congenital hands. There is part of me that is content minded or expressive for the precious. Toches of some-
is to make others, to wish them well, to add to their lives, to allay their wrench underlines, well-being and hospitality. To give assistance is a demand in one's own, these others, under a sheath rather than a belt, a bold givingsome-thing another day of life.

There is, in saying sood, a repeating of the past, that every Sunday school will apologize for or make better the past sins; like the offering left on the altar, the sacrifice and offering, given to gods. I'm always looking the answer longer of the past, the short months. It's difficult to explain. You want to remember, to remember the things that make you sad, and the love ones in the stories, the less, the first, the frustration. To ignore it, to escape it, to make it blind-and-better before.

One of the great misconceptions is that nice people make good food. Great food is cooked by twisted, miserable, depressive, cruel, abused and abusive, needy, compromised, and shamed people.



SeedDirect
photographed in
Paris on June 18
by Rüdiger, which
might be right.
For someone
you know—by
Charlotte Ghesquière



THE NONGENUE

LEA SEYDOUX — THE ONLY WOMAN TO HAVE
SEDUCED BOTH JAMES BOND AND THE JURY AT THE CANNES
FILM FESTIVAL — IS NOT THE GIRL NEXT DOOR,
UNLESS YOU HAPPEN TO LIVE IN THE RIGHT ARRONDISSEMENT.

BY LAUREN CHILLIES PHOTOGRAPHED BY RÜDIGER





Kristen Bell
Kristen's played
up English rose
as she's moved
from the stage to
the screen. Here,
she's all about the
joys of her mom.
Photo: Matt Winkler

HELEWS OF JOURNALISM HAD INFLUENCED THAT YOUNG + beautiful + French+ ingénue Kristen Bell, the thirty-one-year-old *Parks and Recreation* star, has been profiled one or twice at least thirty-five thousand times. However, in many of those, her last role on the edge of the *lire de Vieux-Châtelard* downstages that she is no more. Bell is an unapologetically a diplomat, as gaudy as a wolf. She is the kind of person who, bring her fear of flying,毛毛虫 herself up to the ticket counter and buys a ticket for the shortest flight leaving that day. (She's a noded up dragon.) "I'm not a young, I was so scared of about death," she says. "It was like I was in a kind of depression. I didn't know life was worth living, and now I think that you can." All this before having taken a

she publicly claimed Rachida, saying that the fibreglass had made her feel like a "green rose" and that it'd never work with him again. "I think that I was angry and that I had to express my anger," Bell says. "I really wanted to do it, because I love her work, but I knew that the price to pay maybe I'd strengthen even more the film and the meaning of the character we're strong... It's very cool like, 'Reebok, Reebok, Reebok' and I just wanted to say, 'Okay, he's not, like, unreachable.' I wanted to say the truth, not for him but for me. That's weird, it's not something that I regret."

The loves working in America, where she "feels the pressure less" than Americans do. "With, of course, why not?" she says wistfully, pondering whether she could ever fall in love with one. "But I don't find them very... there is something not so... about Americans in me. They are too self-sufficient and they spend too much time at the gym." Yeah, but, um, ingrained.





HORSE OF THE APOCALYPSE

IF YOU WONDER WHY AMERICA IS IN THE GRIPS OF A HEROIN EPIDEMIC THAT KILLS 200 PEOPLE A WEEK, TAKE A HARD LOOK AT THE LEGALIZATION OF POT, WHICH DESTROYED THE PROFITS OF THE MEXICAN CARTELS. HOW DID THEY RESPOND TO A MAJOR LOSS IN REVENUE? LIKE ANY COMPANY, THEY CREATED AN IRRESISTIBLE NEW PRODUCT AND FLOODED THE MARKET. THE SCARIEST PART: THIS MIGHT NOT HAVE HAPPENED WITH EL CHAPO IN CHARGE.

BY DON WINSLOW

The phone rang. It was July 2014, and I was in a motel room in Tijuana, New Mexico about to step into the shower. My wife and I were two days into a road-trip-country drive from our home in California, and I wanted to clean up before we went to a sport bar across the parking lot to go shooting skeet.

Looking at the phone, I recognized the number and felt my heart drop. The woman was a close friend. Like many three-year-old men he'd struggled with heroin addiction for most of his years.

I know the young man. He was smart, talented, funny—and charming. When we saw him high or jonesing, we'd suppose he was lost, having called me that day to discuss getting back into school.

I didn't get that call.

It was his mother on the phone, sobbing, barely able to remember all the words that I already knew she was going to say: "She's gone."

The afternoon, the coldness, he was walking past a treatment center that finally had a bed for him, but he accepted it for one last "get well." She died on the calendar.

His mother and I were on the phone for quite a while. Mostly I listened, because what was there to say? Then I got into the shower and cried.

I've been a giddy and research-happy so-called War on Drugs for more than twenty years. During that time I've been to Fentanyl, I've got the bodies of teenagers blisters. I've explained to people why their loved ones were killed, providing information that the government would not. I've analyzed autopsy photos, trying to pinpoints in young victims. I've watched the epidemic videos. I thought I was made of stone, hardened to manufactured marketing schemes of disease endlessly. I thought I was immune to them.

Then I heard. It was personal. (Why hadn't he called me, why the f--- had he?) And I was, moreover, I knew how it had happened.



The herocidest killed him came from Mexico. The people who grew the poppies, manufactured the drug, and shipped it north were the likes of Menzo's most powerful drug trafficking organization, and the death of my friend's son came as a direct result of a business decision made by several of those men.

One of them was Joaquín Guzmán Loera.

The self-styled Sinaloa Cartel, the largest drug trafficking in the world. Also: "El Chapo."

Body, lies.

Guzmán had worked and killed his way up to the big leagues by the time he first went to prison, in 1993. While he was rung through his institutional humiliations inside Puerto Granda federal prison, I was working to clear his name. The Power of the Drug, the first of these series. I wrote a sobre the evolution of the Mexican drug scene. I was writing to repeat and review, drug traffickers not addicts, pragmatists and the fearless. Focus on the persona and not the statistics, as the numbers and the charts, as the border and across it. I was still writing that book when Guzmán made his first escape in 2001.

At the time, Mexican drug traffic was divided among several major and a dozen minor groups, the most important being the Juárez Cartel, the Tijuana Cartel, and the Gulf Cartel, with its hyper-violent midwing, the Zetas.

When Guzmán got out of Puerto Granda, he sought control of the entire Mexican drug business under the name of the Sinaloa Cartel. Over the past ten years, he won—winning the other cartels.

That war took more than a hundred thousand lives in Mexico, with more than twenty-five thousand people still "missing." It's been a catastrophe outside of the border, too, directly causing, among other things, the next big heroin epidemic that has killed thousands, turning their old friends.

Last summer I wrote in a book for my novel *The Cartel*: At every corner an auction. I met people who had just lost their car to drug-related malfeasance in Mexico or to a drug-related bunt in the U.S. I understand a son asked me if I knew something about her best friend's murder. (Goddamn.) I tried to assure him that I did (myself, that his brother-in-law had snatched it off him.)

Our night was the anniversary of my son's death. I called her from outside a bookstore in a Los Angeles mall and then went in to talk with the same novel.

I. THE POT PARADOX

Okay, I'm going to say it: The heroin epidemic was caused by the legalization of marijuana.

We went legal weed, and like the most part, we got it. Four states have legal it outright, others have decriminalized it, and in most jurisdictions police fail to enforce the laws that set on the books, creating de facto street legalization.

Good news, right?

Not for the Sinaloa Cartel, which by the time Colorado passed Amendment 64 in 2012 had become the dominant cartel in Mexico. (Wendy was a major profit center for them, but suddenly they couldn't compete against a superior American product that also had drastically lower transportation and scarcity costs.)

In a single year, the cartel raffled a 40 percent drop-off in opium sales, representing billions of dollars. Mexican manufacturers are almost worthless products. They've basically stopped growing the shit. Once-vast fields in Durango now lie fallow.

More good news, right?

Yeah, on. Guzmán and his boys are hemorrhaging. They're not going to take a forty-point hit and not do something about it. They had to make up these profits somewhere.

Looking at the American drug market as it stands, Guzmán and his partners saw an opportunity. An increasing number of Americans were subjected to prescription opioid painkillers in Oxycontin.

And their addiction was expensive. One capsule of Oxy might sell on the street for thirty to fifty dollars, and no doctor ought need ten less today.

Well, that's clea--- We have more of the fast sugar fields in the world. (Russia, sayonara, Day, herein---) they're gonna roll the same drug, yo.

The Sinaloa Cartel decided to undercut the pharmaceutical companies. They increased the production of Mexican heroin by almost 70 percent, and lowered the purity level, bringing to California users to create "maxican" heroin stronger than the Best Action product. They had been selling a product that was about 40 percent pure; now they improved it to 60 percent.

That hard наркотик came from the manufacturers---they dropped the price. \$100 an ounce over for a much more \$200,000 in New York City a few years ago, costing 200,000 in 2013 and has dropped to around \$50,000. More of a little produce for less money. You can't beat it.

At the same time, American drug law enforcement officials, concerned about the dramatic surge in overdose deaths from pharmaceuticals (160,000 from 1999 to 2010), cracked down on both legal and illegal distribution, upping the cost for Mexican heroin, which used to five to ten bucks a dose.

But still sales were not sustained to the potency of this new heroin. Even heroin addicts were taken by surprise.

As a result, overdose deaths have skyrocketed, more than doubling from 2000 to 2014. Many people---Caitlin---died from drug overdoses in 2015, the year after her father in *American History* (Dwight) the most famous of them. (Playing Seymour Hoffman, Dwight February 2, 2016, right at the height of his career.) That's a lot of people today, taking fine lines like rohypnol, a deadly level that matched the AIDS epidemic's peak in 1999.

II. PANDORA'S NEW BOX

On February 21, 2014, after thirteen years of being the most widespread mass in Mexico (despite frequent appearances at restaurants, concert, and holiday parties), Guzmán was captured.

When journalists asked to get my comment, I had a one-word answer: Long.

"What do you mean?" they asked. I remind them that in the power vacuum that followed the death of Huizán of cocaine and subsequent reversion, long split into northern violence, Shrine (sic) and Shrine (sic) were being over Iraq and Syria cities, and launched a reign of terror.

Look, I lived ten years before the Tucson massacre. But we're told and told. But the fact is that the horrific violence of Guzmán's crew of assassins had largely stopped by 2005, probably because he had won the war (with at least the passive assistance of the Mexican and U.S. governments) and established what's come to be called the Fox Nation.



The Mexican Peace

Essentially, the Sinaloa Cartel has been the less violent of the Mexican drug trafficking organizations. Admittedly, that isn't a high bar to clear, but it has long been assumed that the Mexican government believed it could at least talk to Guzmán and his partners in peace, if not exactly with, for instance, the Zetas.

They just said it and wrote, myself I imagine, believe that the Mexican government eventually. By suggesting the Sinaloa Cartel during the worst years of the drug war is no strange to establish some modicum of order. The coaches took this theory---the Sinaloa Cartel, while by far the largest group, makes up only 13 percent of the thousands of police and military agents and killings of success. Guzmán and his partners were famously averse to violence against civilians (again, this is all relative). For instance, Guzmán prohibited his men from carrying out kidnappings, a lucrative business for the other cartels.

The overwhelming power of the Sinaloa Cartel, led by Guzmán and his partners (Dra. "El Mayo" (Román Oñate) and Dr. (possibly) Inés) Juan José Esparragoza Moreno, was holding together a fragile peace among most of Mexico's cartels.

Which is why the Mexican government was, shall we say, relieved about Guzmán's capture, and thus pleased. And this is---if corruption was an Olympic sport, Mexico would be a perennial gold medal winner. The Sinaloa Cartel had just pulled off a record-breaking performance of the Mexican government to the local, state, and federal levels. Zambada in particular was the political connection between the cartel and the Mexican government and business powers.

That, coupled with the fact that the cartels control somewhere between 60 and 70 percent of the Mexican economy, gave the illegitimate power and influence. With billions of dollars in drug profits invested in legitimate business, the economy of Mexico is simply dependent on the drug trade.

Just never another like Guzmán's capture, at the Sesión Peace festival, Mexicanas via logistic police massive to yes. On October 26, 2014, forty-three students from the Ayotzinapa teachers college were missing in Iguala, Mexico, a town three hours south of Mexico City.

Interrogating and mass prisons forced the government to branch a cover-up---an investigation, which eventually determined that Mexican police lack the analytic off their backs they had commanded to review a protest in Mexico City and turned them over to torturing and committing acts of torture with the willing assistance of Guerreros Unidos (United Warriors).

The students were taken to a dump on the outskirts of the nearest town. Police dug up sufficient soil to drive there. The men were interrogated and then killed, their bodies buried with gasoline and toxic waste.

The students' families demanded that the local mayor satisfy didn't like the students' left-wing politics. Okay, so they had to police them over to ... arrested! Sure, that makes sense, about as much sense as any of the other never-says that Mexican president Enrique Peña Nieto's government has asked us to accept.

The second explanation is Mexico chose those to retributive violence is a two-in-one—the surge in Guerreros Unidos usurped some of the students' of being assassinated with a rival drug-fighting group, Los Rojos.

It's possible, and that is where the long analogy plays out. Just as Missouri's drama unfolded against homicide, Guadalajara's version of old blood feeds the complexity of which could fill a season of *Game of Thrones*.

The students and various Guadalajara and the Juárez-Leyva brothers were close friends, but they had a falling out after Cuauhtémoc had his brother's mentor and another was killed during an encounter. One of the brothers fled the country because the Beltrán Leyva Organization and the Sinaloa Cartel was Guadalajara White, where the students were housed. The Sinaloa Cartel took it from DLO after bloody fighting.

The Guerreros Unidos narco who covered the students were a faction led by DLO who suddenly gave themselves to the Sinaloa after being defeated in the war. Now, in the aftermath of Guerreros'

capture, the remnants of DLO have the opportunity for a comeback.

Los Rojos, the other insurgent group fighting for Cuauhtémoc, also has interests in the Juárez and the Sinaloa. A faction of the old DLO Cartel, it had fought against DLO when it was still part of the Sinaloa coalition. In the present vacuum created by Guerreros' arrest, it now has the chance to repossess territory.

Bottom line: Shit.

In a Sinaloa Cartel-controlled Guadalajara, the murders of forty college students would have required Cuauhtémoc's political permission, which he would not have given. That Guerreros Unidos fell first to a perceived threat that was simply problematic for the future of a powerful Narco.

III. EL CHAPO'S "ESCAPE"

The end of the PGR Sinaloa probably also had something to do with Cuauhtémoc's second escape from prison, on July 12, 2015. The details of the escape were sketchy to the media—the story was that Cuauhtémoc had gone through an employee in his shower (yes, he had a private shower complete with a "privacy wall"). He will have to provide the concept of privacy well in a maximum-security prison into a tale-long enough though which he rode a motorcycle, right under the noses of dozens of prison authorities who apparently believed he had to solve another problem.

In the end, Guadalupe did not get the reward on a motorcycle. Steve McQueen escaped on motorcycle. My money says that Cuauhtémoc didn't go to that inmate's shower, though he could have to pay \$50 million in habeas and face the execution of a mile-long matador can also expect not to see it.

Cuauhtémoc, the man who wants to be God. He was thinking about buying the Chechen Republic. He went to the front door.

After Chapo Guadalupe became a household name, the media was curious as to what about his life. He grew up poor, harvesting sugar in the fields when he was eight years-old. He started selling his own coconuts at age fifteen. His dad was not of this era. He gave money to the poor. (True.) He built schools, clinics, churches. (True, true, true.) He was good to his mother. (True.)

He died in Mexico City. Born of fire. We'll better run thousand here, because the banality of Guadalupe's various merits and savings gets a bit case fatigued.

1993: Guadalupe was arrested and sentenced to twenty years at a maximum-security prison, which he ran in his personal country club, a place with cable girls, gourmet food and wine, and mostly movie nights.

2001: Guadalupe made his first "escape," which, like his most recent one, wasn't quite as it. (The press generally doesn't involve the active participation of one's police.) This cover story that year was that he went out in a laundry cart, but in reality it's he sexually went off the roof in a helipad.

2010: Guadalupe was recaptured, probably in a bid that his partner Zambada made to get Zambada's son out of a ten-to-life sentence inflicting on Arreola. (The son has disappeared from U.S. federal prison authorities—read, White Prisoner Program.)

2012: Guadalupe escaped again, this time never to take his established order.

To give the same explanation to the madhouse and over again. Guadalupe didn't escape; he was let out so that he could try to establish order.

IV. THE IBIS OF MEXICO

Mexico has become Iraq, then the Jalisco New Generation Cartel (CJNG) is the country's ISIS. Even its name suggests that it considers itself something different, a new breed of narco

ready to take over and correct the failures of the previous generation. There's some truth to that viewpoint—one of the Sinaloa Cartel's problems is lack of generation. The friendly leftist leadership that brought it to preeminence is dead or dying.

The Jalisco New Generation Cartel used to be a wing of the Sinaloa Cartel under the leadership of Ignacio "Nacho" Guadalupe. But Nacho's organization broke in half after he was killed in a skirmish with the Mexican army in 2010 and one of those factions, Los Tucanes (the Twenty-first), survived into 2016.

The CJNG boss, Nemesio Oseguera Cervantes, "El Mencho," of three years in a California prison for human trafficking and then came back to Mexico to lead up the assassin squad of the Tucanes. At the time, their major target was the rival Zetas, and El Mencho carried out the 2011 massacre of thirty-four of them in Veracruz, then another thirty-two in another.

El Mencho's son, inevitably glossed "El Menchito," was once a close Guadalupe ally, but he was captured in January 2014. A month later, Guadalupe was arrested and El Mencho saw his opportunity to split from the Sinaloa Cartel.

What makes CJNG so ISIS-like is that they just don't give a shit. To own all data power, El Mencho allegedly authorized the murder of Culiacán's tourism secretary and the assassination of a congressman.

In March 2015, keeping snuff rifles and grenade launchers, CJNG gunmen rolled into a town and killed five police officers. Two weeks later, they ambushed a police station and killed fifteen officers. The next day, they surrounded the police chief of another town.

In April 2016, they shot down a military helicopter with an anti-aircraft. Now they are taking on the Sinaloa Cartel in Rapaz, threatening the authority of the border region. Law enforcement sources tell me that CJNG has also allied with a northwestern Leyva group to take on their last losses in Acapulco, leading to rumors of rebellion in that resort town.

Just as the crew was heating up, a new drug—actually an old drug—entered the scene. Paraguaná, a cocaine squad that's thirty to fifty times as strong as heroin, it was developed in 1980 by James Pharmaceuticals (now a division of Johnson & Johnson) as a treatment for those guys passing coronary occlusion.

Paraguaná is powerful that the DEA warns police that they can be injured just by touching it, and it can be taken in a pill (brand name: Duragesic, Actiq, and Fentanyl), a spray, aerosol, shot, and as a transdermal patch, mixed with heroin, you name it. Prince died from an overdose of fentanyl, as many as seven hundred Americans overdosed on the drug each year.

It's a terrible killer.

Cristian Olvera Maldonado's body was found in a芙蓉田 alley last June. The straight-A student had a dose of Fentanyl-laced heroin. She was sixteen years old. Photos on her obituary

page show a smiling girl with her chest-leading squad.

In New Orleans, The Times-Picayune reported that fentanyl deaths exceeded the number of murders for the first month of 2016. In Connecticut, fentanyl-related deaths increased by 16 percent between 2014 and 2015 and are expected to rise another 77 percent in 2016.

For the record, the advantages of fentanyl over heroin are enormous:

First, it's made in a lab. You don't need fields of poppies that can be raided, fungicide, or taxed. You don't need hundreds of camponos to harvest your crop and you don't need to take or control territory. Well, sort of territory for cultivation. Well, not to control access to strong-lab mail, because the increased violence in Sinaloa, where the manufacture is tripled.

But on the plus side that will make fentanyl the new crack cocaine, which even the enormous wealth of the Mexican cartels in the eighties and nineties. A kilo of fentanyl can stepped up twelve to twenty-four times to create an astounding return on investment. So it's million-dollar cocaine, compared with \$200 billion per kilo of heroin.

No wonder the DEA thinks that the importation of fentanyl from Mexico is up 85 percent from 2014.

Because fentanyl is new and novel with herds to increase the larger potential market for heroin users—see dying from the new class of death caused by prescription well. EDHS, ER, prison, and cop don't know what they're looking at, or that they need twice the dosage of fentanyl or Sustacor, to reverse an addict whose respiratory system has been shot down by fentanyl.

These who survive become more addicted. The cartel mix fentanyl with heroin because once an addict has that shot, they won't go back to "just heroin," because they won't get high on it anymore.

The combination of fentanyl-produced illegal fentanyl and the financing of the Sinaloa Cartel is antithetical for law enforcement and American society as a whole, but an opioid crisis book for the nation's refugees supports the old order. Sphincter group such as CJNG can easily be the enormous profit potential of fentanyl to fund their rebellion, and those same profits will encourage them to keep violence to control the smuggling routes.

CJNG is writing in large letters because it can no longer pay its fighters. Fentanyl assures the new revenue that they will not have that problem. All they'll need is the willful ignorance, and they already have that, in spades. Mexico has done its best to fill the vacuum created by Guadalupe's fall. As a result, there will not be three groups seeking to fill that gap; there will be eleven.

On the American side, the rise of opiate groups makes it all the harder for law enforcement to track and intercept the drug. We'll no longer have who's a mom, mom, and son, what's in. First responders will not be able to tell if they're dealing with pure heroin, heroin laced with fentanyl, pure fentanyl,

CASH CROPS

Marijuana
Production per kilogram
\$40

Wholesale per kilogram
\$1,600

U.S. street value
\$3,500

Heroin

Production per kilogram
\$4,000

Wholesale per kilogram
\$50,000

U.S. street value
\$275,000

Fentanyl

Production per kilogram
\$4,500

Wholesale per kilogram
\$80,000

U.S. street value
\$1.3 million

Source: U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration



Paraguaná, with a pseudonym, is taken to a distribution point by drivers who come to receive packages from him. Paraguaná is also known as "fentanyl," because it's cheap, it's potent, and it's profitable.

fastest cat with God knows what... there will be pharmacological chaos.

We talk about the brain epidemic. Everyone will be the plague.

V. SEAN PENN WHO?

González's months of freedom after July 2006 were a farce. As the media played an endless game of "Where's Waldo?" (he was in Colombia, he was Costa Rica, he's in Los Angeles, he's in Donald Trump's hair), Mexican and American fugitives almost randomly had a place on González's whereabouts from the moment that his trial ended from the tunnel.

Curiously by the fall, Mexican authorities knew that González was preparing to escape the coastal town of Los Mochis, in Sinaloa State, where he was eventually captured. The lesson he was being is series to make sure drug kingpins never leave toward the center from the mother of Sinaloa's power.

(González is Abimael, anyone?)

There is no question that González is more confident and sly, trying to believe his options. He left his son, who made a living as a lawyer in the U.S., the sophisticated Los Angeles, the Godfather puts photo of himself on social media with the handle identified as Costa Rica. This led to breathless speculation that González had fled Mexico, although a few of us tried to point out, Costa Rica is also the name of a river in Mexico.

At one point he threatened to leave Donald Trump's wheelhouse. (Daddy rough, Trump didn't respond with a dismissive nickname, maybe because, of all the Mexicans who would serve a check for the well, González would have jumped at the chance, as would anyone else.)

Then González proved off a lot of people by trying to take over the domestic side of drugs, especially because, from the independence of state districts as it stands. That audacious idea likely stopped more than a spring in the son's face of Sinaloa and confirmed González's thread of movement. The gang who controlled the local markets would have been out of their pockets and were ready to go to the AG to do it, threatening to ruin the whole gray zone—so-called because González's partners were making loads of money, trafficking of humans, cocaine, methamphetamine, and, to a developing extent, marijuana.

González's partners in the Bowe Bergdahl case were getting fed up with his high-profile antics—unreal! Taxpayers, for instance, cannot have been pleased by González's media關注—and were ready to move their old-carte hook-hands where it would be harder for him to cross a chair because

The do the cartel made with the Mexican government probably went something like this: Please get the guy out of here, but whatever you do, don't kill him. It's made us a lot of money and we still have a strong relationship with his family.

The only people who shot at the end that recognized González were the big boys. If he had right-hand men, and if you think that's a common sense, those names you can bid on.

THE THREE SCHIFFS' WITNESSES



In the meantime came the equally bizarre involving his ex-Pew and Kate del Castillo.

Del Castillo had been used in her praise of González, declaiming on social media that she believed in Guzmán more than she believed in a government not trying to become a real-life Robin Hood, in which case he would "become a hero of heroes."

She added, "Let's be little in love, you know how." González was definitely interested in trifling love.

Look, he wasn't the first guy to get married abominally, and he was the one who won the lottery, but the very fact that a man so powerful drug lord in the world, a man who had created a multi-billion-dollar empire, got seduced by a pretty face. You almost feel bad for González. His intent to del Castillo is pathetic: "I really want to meet you and become good friends. You are the best drug in the world!" He tries to win you him: "How fantastic you're! The comfortable life would you more than I'd ever have."

Del Castillo plays him. "I'm so moved by your you'll look after me. No one ever has."

González worked with his lawyer to facilitate communication with Del Castillo, encouraging the attorney get her a pitch Blackberry, which, originally, the company didn't make.

The del Castillo told the lawyer she went off to bring down Peña, along.

González didn't know who Peña was, but he wasn't going to let that get in the way. "Here bring the艳子! If she needs to bring more people, bring them. As she wishes."

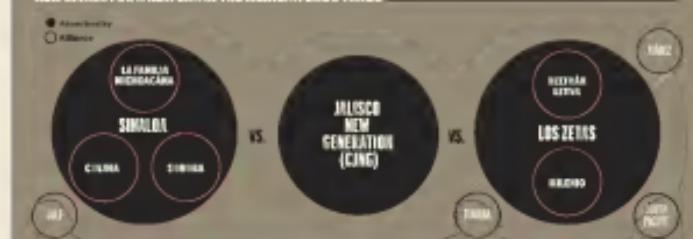
These meetings took place on October 2, 2014. A few days later, in a move that Mexicans otherwise hate and was "helped" by the del Castillo, Peña's trial was moved. Likely a result of Guzmán's close-planting of receipts, the Mexican tourism reached the ranch where González had with his two personal秘书. Mariana reported home and that they had been in their beds but were ordered not to fire as our horse had a little and in his terms a shield. On January 2, 2015, he was captured in Los Mochis. All the information had made was follow the master.

That's right, it wasn't a Hollywood screen that did Chapo González in. It was an even a very soap-operatic star that got him captured a year earlier. "María," "Manu," (real "ballad," "candy") from a Mexican security (ID) had to see a minimum security Mexican prison. It was a master.

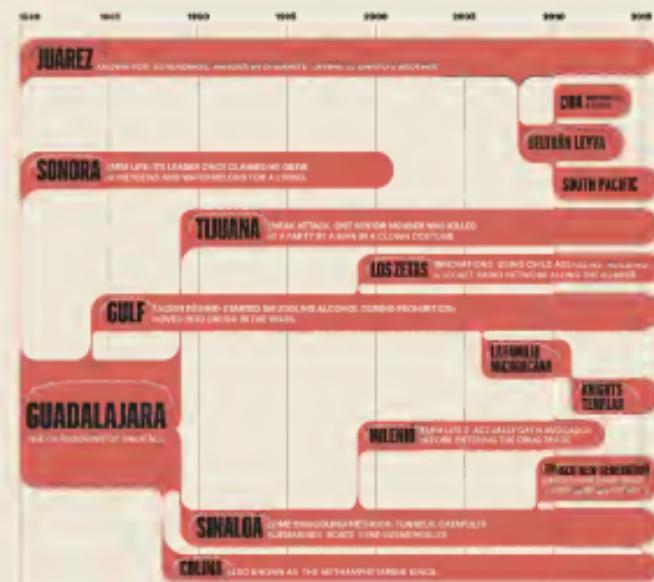
The story goes that González asked for his twin daughter's pet monkey, Max, to be sent to the one-on-one house where he was being held, and the Mexican authorities had a bone on the little bastard. So Mexican and American司法机关 were already monitoring González when he was in there and Kate del Castillo made their formal pilgrimage, after which González, always the opportunist, reportedly visited Tijuana for erectile dysfunction surgery. (You can make this all up, lady, but it's fake.)

Whether it was the monkey or the stay-cation or American cell-phone intercepts, the deal was in place, and the Mexican officials went in shooting. A few hours later [continued on page 14]

NEW RIVALS FOR A NEW ERA IN THE MEXICAN DRUG TRADE



THE CARTEL FAMILY TREE







"THE MAIN GOAL IS TO BE MEMORABLE. IF THE NEXT DAY PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE SAY TO ONE ANOTHER, 'WHAT DID WE DO LAST NIGHT?' THAT'S UTTER FAILURE."

—Top-Top Me

"THERE'S THESE GUYS YOU SEE WALKING THROUGH SOHO WITH BIG MOPS OF HAIR, WEARING FLANNEL PANTS AND FLIP-FLOPS ON THEIR WAY TO MONTAUK. AND YOU THINK, 'WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WHAT DO YOU DO?'"

—Felix Merriam



THE PROPHET



Most High and Dry
Ben Price of his
start-up, Price
on June 19. A few
days after his
trial ended

MOTIVE

... Stephen Rodrick
—CONTRIBUTOR Peter Yang

Last year, Seattle start-up CEO BEN PRICE slashed his \$1 million salary in order to raise his company's minimum wage to \$10,000 a year. Overnight, he became a media darling and a folk hero for millennials. Then things got weird. His brother sued him for fraud. His ex-wife gave a TED talk in which she accused him of abuse. And now the question remains: Is Ben Price a sinner or a savior?

so long after the trial. "I was not a baseball player... it doesn't make any sense to me."

Price no longer considers himself a Christian, but he and his father are still close, and five of Gravity's top unknown ex-former managers, Price told me, that it was his loss of faith that led him to his decision to receive the lowest sentence at Gravity in 2010.

"I grew up believing God guides my life forever and I have an unquenchable desire who loves me unconditionally," said Price. "And I think, 'I gotta find something, some answer, that can match that.' I left God.

"The best part I found was I would be part of a revolution in business where I should bring money in to my company instead of taking money out. And then I said, 'Well, maybe all that you could possibly want is less loss.'

After three hours, we finally finished our walk. Price headed downtown to meet with his lawyer. The trial started in two days and was expected to last three weeks. He wasn't exactly dreading the confrontation.

"As much as it's a terrible situation, I enjoy competition and games," Price told me. "I grew up with that my whole life. It's interesting, but there's a part of this that's intriguing."

A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE TRIAL, A SUSPICIOUSLY WELL-DRESSED man stepped into 1008 Technology's office, the successor to Gravity Payments' experiment. Based in documents provided by Gravity, the man they met the company's client had increased by 15 percent, profits had risen from \$1.8 million to \$1.9 billion, and it was now employing thousands of business owners from discontented workers.

Lucas knew you never look bad in the morning, but Dan was angry for another reason. "It's going to the point where it's like, Oh, 1008 Today puts us on the cover, but I don't really appreciate it because it doesn't help," Price said with a laugh. "They didn't do a good job printing it in black."

The mistake less experience within Lucas's and Price's lawyers gathered to hear the presser later that day. The greatest concern was how much of a sharp, glinting blade and the close-cropped Lucas, who looked like a older Abraham Lincoln when not stark naked. When Dan met the press, Lucas lowered his hands to his chest, and transparency went the building model of Gravity Payments. Because, you know, that's what makes the company tick.

Price's defense was hairy, though. Computer accountants should have flagged the unusual expense and he would have gladly paid the statutory back.

Wallers first heard of Price's payment to Dan and CNN that he had been sprung from his house and sold all of the stocks to give Gravity \$30 million cash during the 2010 Infiltrant. Price admitted that wasn't true, but he lied.

The afternoon was spent recounting Dan's systematic ruse of Lucas from the company—deterring Lucas from the website and claiming he was a sole founder when he set up the entity, prevaricating about his role as a co-founder. They both knew. That's when the audience cheered forward in their seats. Hellion gained an round from Price to Banks in which he said, "Just between us, our profit has gone from \$1 million to over \$1 billion in about four years." Price admitted that, too, was an overstatement.

Price had met Tym, Banks' other cold-wanted her to get him

On the stand, Price told a story of being tied up and pelted with baseballs by his brother Lucas.

person. "Her mom told her to write me back because she doesn't do enough good things," Price told me. They eventually met and Price left Interstate. He wrote her an email linking a bunch of exchanges from the meeting.

Distracted, hanging out with a fellow way he's something's consider, a long-term partner and an old friend or dad to my step. At least random afternoons in places like where cars...

The two stayed in touch and remained friends, but that had to end under new circumstances, according to Price. Banks had recently had a baby, and having dinner in public with a handsome young man would be inappropriate but Banks invited them there, a sports bar where I would drink, so you think at the hotel. "She wanted to go to meet because she thought someone two of the men had been people in the world," Price said. "I'm sitting on this bed eating wings because they were charring—grilling his wife."

"It's like that," he says, his expression pained. "That doesn't help me eat on that, I love her," said Price, pushing his hair back. "Clearly, less manipulative people are going to be more accurate with their statements, they're more measured."

Lucas told me that Dan could be convincing because he's from the West. "There have been times when I've sat with Dan when he's told me something as earnestly that I know is not true, and I think to myself, That must be true."

When we got to the legal room, Price ordered a non-sugary coffee that he said was because it contained a spoonful of sugar. He was on an extreme health kick during the trial, drinking no alcohol and eating mostly baked chicken and vegetables. Price often jumped from one extreme to the next. Once, he ran a marathon in an open stadium in Valencia, Spain—Cathedral, for a conference, but he didn't like the speaker and marched his team out of the conference and spent the rest of the weekend drinking and partying with his employees.

After Lucas'寡母 died, Price pulled out his laptop and began showing me snaps from his Philippines adventures: drinks in Manila's Raffles hotel; Price and Hager in uniform; a chance meeting with Miss Universe.

"There was a great trip," said Price with a grin. "Showing a great girl, but we're just friends." He paused for a second. "Very cool."

LUCAS'S WIFE, SHANNON, A STRAWBERRY-BLONDE grandmother, never pretends like anything isn't roses. We made small talk about his wife—the couple adopted two children from China—and the sad, cracking snapshot of the courtroom that when his husband took the stand, Shannon stood by and held

Every once in a while, Price would take me aside and ask my legal opinion.

"That was pretty well, how don't you think?"

I'd scratch my head and hear and how On the elevator ride down to the courtroom one day he announced to everyone there that I was a reporter before making his statement to the press.

"David, today, he's the enemy," Price concluded and kept quiet. "The enemy," added his lawyer.

Then evening, we went out for dinner not far from his home. We ate. We left the house. I asked if I bothered him that as many of his pronouncements had been labeled "inaccurate" in court. He said it didn't trouble him, claiming they were cherry-picking his words.

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66
Clearly, less optimistic people in general are more accurate with their statements."

Price said.
"They're more measured.
99

and taking notes in cursive hand writing.

The brothers got along decently in the first few years after the 2010 agreement. Shannon had largely given up much of the time overseas, driving and volunteering for the now-dead-bought-overseas-august-agile business over Dan's compensation. (An adjustment to his salary that Dan made in mid-June from \$100,000 a year to just over Gravity.)

At one point, the brothers ended up their salary for 2015. One made by itself for \$11 million, but Lucas had come back with a strange offer: he averaged the salaries of four CEOs at much larger and publicly held companies and now suggested pay a \$18.5 million, more than half of the company's revenue.

Lucas's math had no basis, but his brother thought it was like sage and wise information. "They've had an extremely distorted picture of yourself.... You are either just fucking with me or you viewed yourself than that was a dead reality."

The situation deteriorated further when David hired outside lawyers to determine corporate compensation and didn't tell Lucas until the process was already in motion. Lucas finally sat in on the firm's presentation, but he was livid that he was left out of the loop. Dan and an instant successor Lucas to his car. Lucas didn't say anything at first, but then made his point abundantly clear: "Fuck you, Dan—stop talking to others."

A FEW DAYS AFTER LUCAS'S TESTIMONY, PRICE AND I WENT TO AN Argentinian-Bolivarian summit hosted at Casa Rosada Field. We parked near a red sandstone and, in mind, left unchanged. Soccer was on. Price's obsession. "I never played it as a kid, and don't have any regrets because my performance against, as I don't play it myself," he says. "Hugely anti Gravity is as it is in a few years, and I know for his career needs. He's the guy who doesn't give you two yards on a free kick," his brother added, also, said me.

By the time we were there with his wife and I knew from our legal team and our documents that he had a main member of the id behind his fashionable hair and beard. He still had told me most of Price's calling strategy just as he could reduce an understanding from me. They also told me that Price had been telling those management concerns for years. Once-a-mile who used to remain anonymous, reluctantly, "He won't tell you what you want—just that you're the victim."

At halftime I asked Price about the contrast between the best-in-American stories and the ones I had heard from those in Price's orbit. As usual, he just smiled and aped.

"I am really get into someone sometimes," he said. "I had a saleswoman who I worked with for three years. We had a meeting and she didn't like how I shared my words. She never came back to work." Price shrugged his shoulders. "I test her and small about bringing her for lunch and she won't do it."

The players began clattering back onto the field. Price grabbed with del gato when he became aware that Laurel Messi would play the second half for Argentina.

"I'm competitive," said Price as he scanned the field for Messi's number 10. "I had to be competitive as a kid. I had a competitive to get my parents' attention. I had to be competitive to get where I needed to go. I used to be competitive to get food. Sometimes when there's a click, you don't make enough and you have to fight for it." Price's face had a tenderness to it that I hadn't seen before. But then he looked down on the field and saw Messi's commanding defenders. He smiled and let me a cheer. (continued on page 178)



Bottom Left: At Lucas' trial, Price takes the stand on October 16, 2016.

Price was accused of forcing his brother Lucas out of business decisions for stock company Gravity Payments. Above: David Price giving testimony on June 1.

SON I FEAR THE
STREETS ARE BRIGHT,
JUST HAVING A FEW
OF THE CHILD
FREEDOMS IN THE
TODDLING

2012 COTTON
By Proenza

AND IN THE FINAL
ARTICLE, GLENN
ADAMS AND
INCORPORATING
VARIOUS
TEXTURES.

Credit: STEPHEN
MANN (TOP);
COTTON (MIDDLE)
by Proenza
Scholer (bottom);
JONATHAN WILSON,
all from OASIS;
by Proenza
Scholer (right);
Photographer:
CEDRIC BUCHET



ART OF DARKNESS

TONY REVOLORIO, sitting out of the towering shadows of his Hollywood family (see also: *WEASEL*, *AMERICAN HORROR STORY*) showing an assassin with a softer side on *BOARDWALK EMPIRE* and a mobster with a tormented streak in *AMERICAN HUSTLE*. This month, he brings the full Heston in a megachic update of *BEN-HUR*. But first he demonstrates that the best way to balance a dark-lab wardrobe is with color, texture, and a little bit of confidence.

Photography by
CEDRIC BUCHET



EARTH TONES
ARE EASY, BUT
A LITTLE BROWN
TURNS OUT TO BE
THEIR SECRET.

"YOU ALWAYS FEEL LIKE A BIT OF A lush doing whatever's in the middle of a hotel," says Jack Huston, "with everyone around thinking, 'There's that pretentious fuck over there, who's about himself?'" But he will be no lush sporting today. Huston, the thirty-three-year-old British heart of this month's epic *Bon-Bon* remake, has the falby of *Murderous Groomsmen*, *Hansel*, or his own *Pride and Prejudice*, the star across the spectrum—and the unusually hot also-much public place—to get comfortable. He needs to "lose filming in Newbury until two in the morning," he explains, rubbing his eyes, something he's been visiting because of the town's splashy self. Huston's only just arrived in Boston (fifteen roads); 6:00 a.m. Crumpling his neck, he quizzically dreams of causing a hangover over his head. "I'm like De Niro," he says.

In fact, the conniving sibling to the ab street expressionist *James* (Jackie) De Niro (*Irreconcilable Differences*) wears the hand, and his body fitting we're talking about talented family, considering Huston's own extraordinary stock. Great-grandfather Walter Huston scored the first of his twenty-two academy award nominations in 1936; grandfather John Huston was nominated for fourteen Oscars and went on to be a director and a screenwriter. Asapha Huston, Jack's aunt, won best supporting actress for her role in 1947's *Poison House*. Tracy Huston, his father, was nominated for three Academy Awards in 1960 for his adaptation of James Joyce's short story "The Dead." (It's more than enough to give any young actor a complex about measuring up.) And there before you factor in the possessives of his esteemed lineage: long gone is the wife of the sixth Marquess of Cholmondeley and side cousin actress Karen Walshe, Huston's first prima vision.

Between all the noble titles and title credits, Huston—he was precociously head of bridge the gap between high society and Hollywood—into whose childhood is uncharmed tree. His father was a felon, my-hairman made of pantomime; his family owned England's largest private deer herd on their Norfolk estate. And Huston firmly embodies his roots. "The other day," he says, taking a long of red coffee and growing increasingly animated, "I went to America and bought every single movie my grandfather and great-grandfather ever made. He shows me the sole confirmation on his phone, dozens of DVDs. The purchase, Huston says, was dividends in memory. He gets it further study the few clients, and he goes home in full to knock back hours in Los Angeles—thirteen-year-



old daughter, Sage, and never-married son, Cypress. (His mother is Hawaiian dragqueen girlfriend, Monique.) Looks like Huston's Victoria Secret model.)

"How about this?" Huston asks, expounding on a moment with a frenetic sequence of body jerks. "I ran up to my dresser. That's your grandpa's grandfather! That's your great-great-grandfather! That's your great-great-great-grandfather!" He presents a darrying array of familial cinematic combinations. "It's the coolest thing in the world," he says. "I started crying when I thought about it."

Luckily for him, the older gen's not armative, but breakout performances on HBO's *True Blood* prove in proof. In 2010, Huston appeared on the show as Richard Harrow, a wounded war veteran with a disfigured face and one single-letter to be levelled to hell. He was supposed to do three episodes, but shawson

THE PARENT
HUSTON HAS A
FATHER—PATER
NOSTER,
THEIR PUFF OF BLOOD.

Oliver (left) by
David Lachapelle
(11/10) to (left)
Road, portait
opposite by CR studio.

ter Terence Winter kept him around for four seasons. Hutton has always described himself as a character actor, but his latest role, as the revenge-seeking slave Deafah Ben-Hai, one of the best-known practitioners in the history of cinema (Chesnut Weston played the part in 1968), the film was, at the time, the most expensive ever made. "People turned their backs and kept into the closest row of leading men." "We shot in Cinecittà Studios in Rome," he says. "My grandfather was a simple man from Sicily. Hutton also discovered that some of the crew were in love with crewmembers from the original production. "There were guys talking about women they'd been with on the last one."

Following Ben-Hai, Weston will costar with straight-edge preacher Matt Craven

in *Die Hard*, a remake of the John le Carré novel, and next year he'll play a soldier re-enlisted to fight in the screen adaptation of Keri Arthur's novel and National Book Award finalist, *The Hollow Land*. "I'm super-proudly native to that one," he says. "Covered in tattoos, shaved head, crazy mother-fucker!" And he'll be heading back to Bluffton, South Carolina, to complete work on *True Blood*, the true story of an alligator and an alligator undercover FBI agent.

He also has designs on expanding the family business—into television production. He recently formed a production company, Cyn (named for his children), and is in discussions already in development. *Poppy Spy*, which he considers as a True Detective-like masterpiece set dur-

ing World War II. "It's every John le Carré," he says, describing a plot wherein a military head of state tries to keep France from allying with Hitler. "The goal is to help usher British television into its own golden age, like the current one here in America. "We've never had a Regency. We've never had a Mad Max," he explains.

After bounding out of the lobby to

see an early cut of *The Yellow Birds* just up the street, he reveals that he's already acquired five new roles. Actors tend to downplay their investments, thinking it's professionalism to do so, Hutton refreshingly can't contain his giddiness. "It's mad," he says of the film. "It's amazing. Like, it's a proper project, proper movie, man. I've seen it. This is Why We Make Movies. This is what gets me jazzed." —HOWIE RAHIM



THEY'RE BACK
WITH A BANG
FOR THE REMAKE
OF *DEATH
WISH*
Glenn (left) as
Deafah in *Cold*

“

I CAN SAY TO MY DAUGHTER,
‘THAT’S YOUR GREAT-
GREAT-GRANDFATHER.
THAT’S YOUR GREAT-AUNT
UP THERE, DIRECTED BY
YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER.’
IT’S THE COOLEST THING
IN THE WORLD. I STARTED
CRYING WHEN I THOUGHT
ABOUT IT.

”



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PULL OFF WITH
SKINNY LEGS
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[both \$1,000] from
Bass (212-982-
1000); by Jemmy
Chen,
Int'l (\$200); by Goo-
sen, sunglasses
(\$125); suit
blouson by Oliver
Peoples

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CHIARINI WITH
WELL-POLISHED
NOTES OF
CONCERTOS.

Two-button jacket
(\$1,000) and shirt
(\$200) by Jemmy
Chen; sunglasses
(\$125) by Oliver
Peoples.

“

WE SHOT [BEN-HUR] AT
CINECITTÀ STUDIOS IN ROME.
THERE WERE [CREWMEM-
BERS] TELLING ME STORIES
ABOUT THEIR FATHERS
WORKING ON THE LAST ONE.

”

ANSWER

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► MEN'S MARKETPLACE ►

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A photograph showing a variety of cigar products from Thompson Cigar. It includes several boxes of Super Premium Hand-Rolled Cigars, a box of Churchill Cigars, and a "Torch Lighter & Humidor Cigar Coffret". The products are arranged on a dark surface.

An advertisement for Viviscal Man hair growth supplement. On the left, Jake Gyllenhaal has a serious expression, looking slightly off-camera. To his right is a large, bold title 'THICKER HAIR STARTS HERE'. Below the title is a circular badge with the text '11 INGREDIENTS FOR GROWTH' and 'SUPPLEMENT IN THE USA'. The central part of the ad contains the product packaging, which is white with dark text and a small image of hair. To the right of the box are two circular images showing a man's head from the side, one labeled 'BEFORE' and one labeled 'AFTER' to demonstrate hair growth. At the bottom, there is promotional text: 'FOR 10% OFF enter code: ESSEPMPI', 'CALL (800) 304-4045', and 'VISIT VIVISCALMAN.COM'. The Viviscal logo is at the bottom right.

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[AUTHOR]
TOM WOLFE
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I cannot order it from the cauquier (such Neville Evans [who] has happened to be also a Christian missionary who has developed a Mayan village in the mountains of Guatemala). I wear this rainbow while working at my desk. Its beauty is such that it crosses the blood-brain-barrier and does wonders for one's morale. ■

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